APRIL 23, 1946

15¢ In Canada 20¢

Vol. LIX No. 4

new masses

B. A. Botkin

Howard Fast

William Z. Foster

Roger Garaudy

Virginia Gardner

Helen West Heller

Tom McGrath

Anton Refregier

James B. Turnbull

Charles White

Jay Williams

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just a minute

WITH this issue NEW MASSES passes a new milestone in its history. As we have told you, henceforth it will be a cultural magazine, in the widest sense, including in that conception the major political developments of our time. We believe this issue is an indication of what can be done—though we wish we had twice as much space to include all the material we had planned. With the help of the writers and artists whose work appears in this and future issues, and with the help of our readers, we hope to mold a magazine such as this country has not had: a crusading magazine that will give leadership in the development of a people's culture, a magazine that in stories, poems, drawings, reportage, criticism, articles nourishes the mind and strengthens the heart in the battle for a world free from fear, from tyranny and war.

There was once a man, a very great man, who throughout his life fought for a people's culture, for the people's liberation and for their human dignity. **"Art,"** he wrote, "belongs to the people; its roots should penetrate deeply into the very thick of the masses of the people. It should be comprehensible to these masses and loved by them. It should unite the emotions, thought and will of these masses and arouse them."

Many progressives, who may not accept Lenin's entire world philosophy, would agree with the above words. We of NEW MASSES seek to apply a Marxist approach and to project socialism as the only fundamental solution of mankind's problems, the only means of achieving a truly free society and culture. At the same time we wish to offer these pages to progressives who do not share our Marxist outlook and socialist goal—to all whose hearts are with the people and who want to use their talents to advance the cause of peace and democracy, to help build a culture rich in the currents that flow from the people's lives.

And we count on our readers to magnify our effectiveness by enlarging the family of NM readers by many thousands.

WE HAVE made changes not only in the content and appearance of NM, but also in our editorial board. Let us introduce the newcomers:

James S. Allen, former foreign editor of the *Daily Worker*, is the author of *The Negro Question in the United States*, *Reconstruction: The Battle for Democracy*, and a third book, soon to be published, *Cartels, Monopoly and the Peace*. Herbert Aptheker, who rose from private to major in the war, is well known as an authority on the American Negro. His books are *Negro Slave Revolts in the United States* and *Essays in Negro History*. He recently received a Guggenheim award and is working on a new book on the American Negro in World War II. Richard O. Boyer was formerly foreign correspondent for *PM* and editor of *US Week*. He has been on the staff of the *New Yorker* for the last eight years.

Lloyd L. Brown has been active in the labor movement as organizer and journalist. He spent three years as staff sergeant in a Negro squadron of the Army Air Forces. Howard Fast, author of *Freedom Road* and other historical novels, will have a new book, *The American*, published in July. It is a Literary Guild selection. Charles Humboldt, former editor of *Art Front* magazine, spent thirty-three months with the Twelfth Air Force in North Africa, Sicily, Italy and France. V. J. Jerome, one of the country's leading Marxist scholars, is managing editor of *Political Affairs*. Among his pamphlets and brochures are *Intellectuals and the War* and *The Treatment of Defeated Germany*. Albert E. Kahn, one of America's foremost experts on fifth column activities, is co-author with Michael Sayers of *Sabotage*, *The Plot Against the Peace*, and *The Great Conspiracy*. He is president of the Jewish People's Fraternal Order. Charles Keller is a New York artist who has specialized in illustrating pamphlets.

From our former literary editor, Isidor Schneider, comes the following note:

"Dear Editors and Readers: Greetings to the NEW MASSES! My hearty wishes for its greater growth in circulation and influence. I will do all I can to further that growth, though not any longer a member of the staff. As I have been doing since my resignation in March, when it became necessary for me to devote my time to

(*Continued on page* 31)

new masses

EDITORIAL BOARD:

STAFF: editor: JOSEPH NORTH. executive editor: A. B. MAGIL. managing editor: LLOYD L. BROWN. FREDERICK V. FIELD, JOHN STUART. washington editor: VIRGINIA GARDNER. art editor: CHARLES KELLER. assistant editors: JOSEPH FOSTER, CHARLES HUMBOLDT. ASSOCIATES: JAMES S. ALLEN, HERBERT APTHEKER, RICHARD O. BOYER, HOWARD FAST, WILLIAM GROPPER, V. J. JEROME, ALBERT E. KAHN.
editorial assistant: BETTY MILLARD.
business manager: LOTTIE GORDON. field director: DORETTA TARMON. advertising manager: GERTRUDE CHASE.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: LOUIS ARAGON • NATHAN AUSUBEL • ALVAH BESSIE • R. PALME DUTT • PHILIP EVERGOOD SENDER GARLIN • BARBARA GILES • ROBERT GWATHMEY • ROCKWELL KENT • ALFRED KREYMBORG • JOHN HOWARD LAWSON MERIDEL LE SUEUR • VITO MARCANTONIO • LEWIS MERRILL PABLO NERUDA • ANTON REFREGIER • PAUL ROBESON • HOWARD SELSAM • ISIDOR SCHNEIDER • SAMUEL SILLEN • JAMES TURNBULL • CHARLES WHITE • DOXEY WILKERSON.

Reveille for Writers Howard Fast 3
Spain Calls John Stuart 5
Elements of a People's Cultural Policy William Z. Foster 6
The End of the War: a short story Jay Williams . 10
Paul Bunyan Was OK in His Time B. A. Botkin . 12
Fanfare for a Procession of Heroes: a poem Tom McGrath 15
The Atom: A Closeup Paul Miller 16
I Investigate Rankin Virginia Gardner 19
Great Writer in Bondage Roger Garaudy 22
Book Review: Blue Boy, by Jean Giono: Ben Field 24
"New Realism" or Old Hat? William Thor Burger 25
Robin Hood Rides Again Joseph Foster 29

Two weeks' notice is requested for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than the Post Office will give the best results. Vol. LIX, No. 4. Published by THE NEW MASSES, INC., 104 East Ninth Street, New York 3, N. Y. Copyright 1946, THE NEW MASSES, INC. Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Washington Office, 802 F St. NW, Room 28. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 23, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions $6.00 a year in U. S. and Possessions and Mexico; six months $3.50; three months $2.00. Foreign, $7.00 a year; six months $4.00; three months, $2.25. In Canada $6.50 a year, $4.00 for six months, U. S. money; single copies in Canada 20 cents Canadian money. NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope. 209

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REVEILLE FOR WRITERS

A call to all men of good will to be counted in the march up freedom road. The ivory tower no refuge from the atom bomb.

By HOWARD FAST

FROM the time human beings learned to record their thoughts and set them down, the pen has been a weapon of free men. That the pen is mightier than the sword is not merely a homily; and even though the sword has turned into an atom bomb, the written word remains a more potent tool of freedom.

I address myself to writers, not because the struggle is limited to them, but because they are so singularly and powerfully armed. For that reason, too, they are feared: they are bought off, bribed and cozened with enormous rewards, and the only thing asked in return is that they struggle no more, protest no more, that their clear, loud voices be blurred and muted—and that they seek no more for the truth.

What has happened in this land of ours? There were giants here once. I think of Thoreau, who went to jail rather than support an unjust, imperialist war; I think of Clemens, who hated injustice and bigotry, and fought it on every hand; I think of Emerson and his clear vision of democracy, of Whitman and the songs of freedom he sang, of Bryant, who hated so murderously those who made men slaves, of Garrison, who would not retreat or equivocate, of Stowe, who wrote to expose slavery, of John Swinton, who wrote to make men free.

I think back further, and there were the giants of revolution who served revolution so well with their pens, Tom Paine and Timothy Dwight and Joel Barlow and Philip Freneau.

And in the near, close past, there were Jack London, and Vachel Lindsay and Upton Sinclair and Frank Norris and Lincoln Steffens and Theodore Dreiser and John Reed and a hundred more who hated bigotry and shame and the degradation of man.

And only yesterday, in the immediate yesterday of our own lives, there were pens that knew neither fear nor intimidation—the pens of Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck, Erskine Caldwell, Clifford Odets, Albert Halper and Sinclair Lewis—to name only a few.

THEN what has happened in this land of ours? What dry terror has muted these voices, paralyzed the pens, allowed wrong to be added to wrong

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and shame to shame—with only silence as commentary?

Today, with the memory of bursting bombs so fresh and terrible, the threat of a third world war looms terribly close.

In Hunter College, in the Bronx, a group of imperialist puppets lead an attack on the Soviet Union; in Washington, a group of native fascists, styling themselves a "Committee on Un-American Activities," traduce democracy, violate every ethic of decency, and lead an all-out attack on the constitutional rights of Americans.

A Negro community in Tennessee is ravaged by state police; two Negroes in Freeport, Long Island, are murdered by a police officer; in three other places in the South, Negroes were murdered and no legal action was taken against the murderers.

A half a million veterans are homeless, and no effectual measures are being taken to provide homes for them; veterans protest Churchill's war mongering, and are jailed; and coal miners, thousands of them veterans, strike because they face actual starvation.

In Long Island, the Ku Klux Klan revives and declares war on Jews and labor unions. A bill is up in Congress to emasculate trade unions more thoroughly than ever before.

Two German Communists, one of whom had been in a Hitler concentration camp for nine years, are sentenced to five years additional imprisonment by an American military court for "subversive activity."

And around the world, the war goes on—in Indonesia, Greece, Spain, Egypt, Palestine, India, Burma, China, the Philippines—and men fighting for democracy die under the bullets of the imperialists.

Was it for this that thirty million lives were laid down?

THEN what is the responsibility of the writer? Is his conscience to be no more than the conscience of another? Is his guilt to be no more than the guilt of another? Is his silence to be sold at the lush price offered today?

Is it enough for him to engage in the delicate antics of literary debate? Is it enough for him to speak in abstruse terms of the proprieties of decency? Is it enough for him to do the right thing on the safe periphery of the struggle of mankind for a better world, and yet never touch the core of the subject?

I think not. For look at the place and position of the writer: he is articulate, among the masses of the inarticulate; he is trained to think, to deliberate, to weigh the material of life and seek for the truth, and he has the ear of thousands and very often the respect of thousands. He comes of a great tradition in the struggle for human freedom, and his very existence is based upon part of that tradition—the right of men to speak and publish their thoughts without restraint or the fear of duress.

In that great tradition, he has noble predecessors. In all the centuries of recorded history, how many writers were punished, tortured, imprisoned, and slain too because they aligned themselves on the side of freedom!

Again, in that tradition, he has the example of what tyranny does to art; he has seen the dry terror of European fascism shrivel and destroy art; he has seen the barren desert that calls itself the culture of fascism.

Can there be neutrality for the writer until the last rotten seed of fascism has been destroyed? Are there ivory towers immune from the deadly radiation of the atom bomb? Can we see hope and a good life destroyed when we have paid such a price—when we have come closer to a united and peaceful world than ever before?

We are still in a fight where only the stars are neutral. We are still in a condition where men of good will must stand up and be counted, or lower their heads in shame. NEW MASSES is a part of that fight; NEW MASSES has been in that fight for the dignity and freedom of man for a generation—deep in it, hard in it. What a roll call of American writers can remember how the pages of NEW MASSES were open to them when all other pages were closed!

NEW MASSES is still in that fight, and the pages of NEW MASSES are still open. They are open to all Americans who love justice and hate wrong.

There were giants in the land once; there can be giants again. But, as always before, they must come out of the people's struggle for a better world.

Southern Quilting Bee.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPAIN CALLS

AN EDITORIAL BY JOHN STUART

ALMOST nine years ago I sat in a ramshackle cafe in Valencia trying to swallow warm beer. It was my first day in Spain and as first days go I was a little lonely. I had already walked through the narrow, dead-end streets losing myself in nowhere. And when I got to the cafe off the Calle de la Paz it was dusk. Everything was terribly quiet. I think they usually call it a pall of silence. It was that, with wet, heavy air adding to the soundless torture. The Loyalist officer sitting next to me smiled and in relief I let go with a burst of mangled Spanish. "Hot," I said, "and too quiet." "It won't be long," he said. "This is earthquake weather." In half an hour I knew what he meant. Mussolini's Savoias came droning overhead, pounded the city until it trembled, and then scurried away. It was that way every day. On time—on schedule.

I thought of the words "earthquake weather" when I read Dr. Oscar Lange's letter to the Security Council of the United Nations. It seems now that the long silence is reaching an end and the Spanish earth will tremble again, this time under the pounding of Spain's real friends. The unfinished business of Madrid is continued in the Bronx. That in a way is not too strange, for between the Bronx and Madrid there are ties of blood and sacrifice. Men from the Bronx lie buried in Spanish olive groves. These dead—the American dead in Spain—will be sitting in the Council room watching Dr. Lange unhorse those glorious knights of "moral leadership," Messrs. Byrnes and Stettinius.

I write before the debate has begun. But no one needs the gift of prescience to know what Mr. Byrnes or Mr. Stettinius will say, or how five or six others of their brood will echo them, or how Dr. Lange and the friends of Republican Spain will reply. The debate has been going on for so long—long before the idea of a Security Council ever emerged from any man's mind. This debate at one point turned into war. Millions have joined in it with weapons and with blood and endless tears. The debate has rolled over the earth since that day in the thirties when a maniacal house painter became a German chancellor. And now it has come to the Bronx as part of the agenda of unfinished business—the business of finishing off fascism. There is nothing new, then, to add to this dispute except to reaffirm the truth that no one on earth remains safe as long as one fascist state remains.

The American delegate will have to be careful. One can even picture the conferences in the State Department, with all the bright cookie pushers advising Byrnes and Stettinius, and they in turn instructing them in the politics of caution. We can't be too hasty, boys. Let them talk. After all we are moral leaders and no one really likes Franco. But then we must not offend Cardinal Spellman. Do you remember how the Pope gave Franco his blessing last November? Let's all pretend that we all want to be rid of Franco. Let's even welcome Lange's forthrightness. But we've got the votes, boys, and those we can't get directly Cadogan will get for us. If the going gets tough, if they start quoting the Charter, let's aim for a one-sided "compromise." Let's insist that we don't like Franco any more than Lange, but we can't intervene in internal Spanish affairs. In the meantime someone should be leaking to the newspapers with the dope that Lange would never have written his anti-Franco letter to the Council if Moscow hadn't given the order. Proof? Why, who will doubt the word of the world's moral leaders? And if conscience twinges a little, boys, don't forget what a continued Franco-like Spain can mean to our pocketbooks in Western Europe or in the Mediterranean. Empire? Power politics? Nonsense. Moral leadership. Ask Harry for the appropriate Bible text.

Thus run the minds of the striped-pants cynics. Suddenly the arch-interventionists in China, in every area of the world where the Franquist prototypes are being booted into oblivion, become very touchy about intervening in Spain. This is the "hands-off" policy on a new, hypocritical scale and belies State Department pronouncements of the past few months that it wants to see Spain redeemed. But in fact the Spanish people and their Republican leaders do not ask the United States to intervene. They ask for help in making their task easier to purge Franco, the Falange and the whole fascist works. This is what frightens Mr. Byrnes. He fears the coming of a new Spain, even if it means a Spain without atom bomb factories and Nazi overlords.

In the prefecture of Anglo-American imperialism, a Franquist state, even without Franco, is an ideal police state. If the French continue moving left, 400,000 Spanish fascist troops on the border are always a good reminder for France to think twice before going farther left. And a Franco Spain is the one country on the continent that can be held in reserve against a "Bolshevized" Europe—meaning all developments that do not conform to the exact political stipulations laid down by the British and American robber barons. Franco or his appointed successor with royal plume is ready to offer Spanish fascism's services. He knows that he has a chance of succeeding so long as Byrnes and Bevin continue to knife Big Three cooperation.

It's time to say *no*. It's time to let the earth quake and the plotters tremble before this *no*. In this issue Poland has assumed the world's moral leadership and she will have the steady support of the Soviet Union—the one country which opposed Franco Spain from the moment Hitler pulled Franco out of his back pocket. Even if the Nazis in Spain never produce an atom bomb Franco Spain itself is an atom bomb among the nations, and its devastating potential can only be eliminated by eliminating Spanish fascism. And that can only mean a complete political break with Madrid and immediate assistance to the Republican Government in Exile. If the American delegate fails to heed world opinion, if he fails to heed the demands of his own anti-fascist countrymen, he will have committed a crime which will make him loathesome in the eyes of all those struggling for freedom.

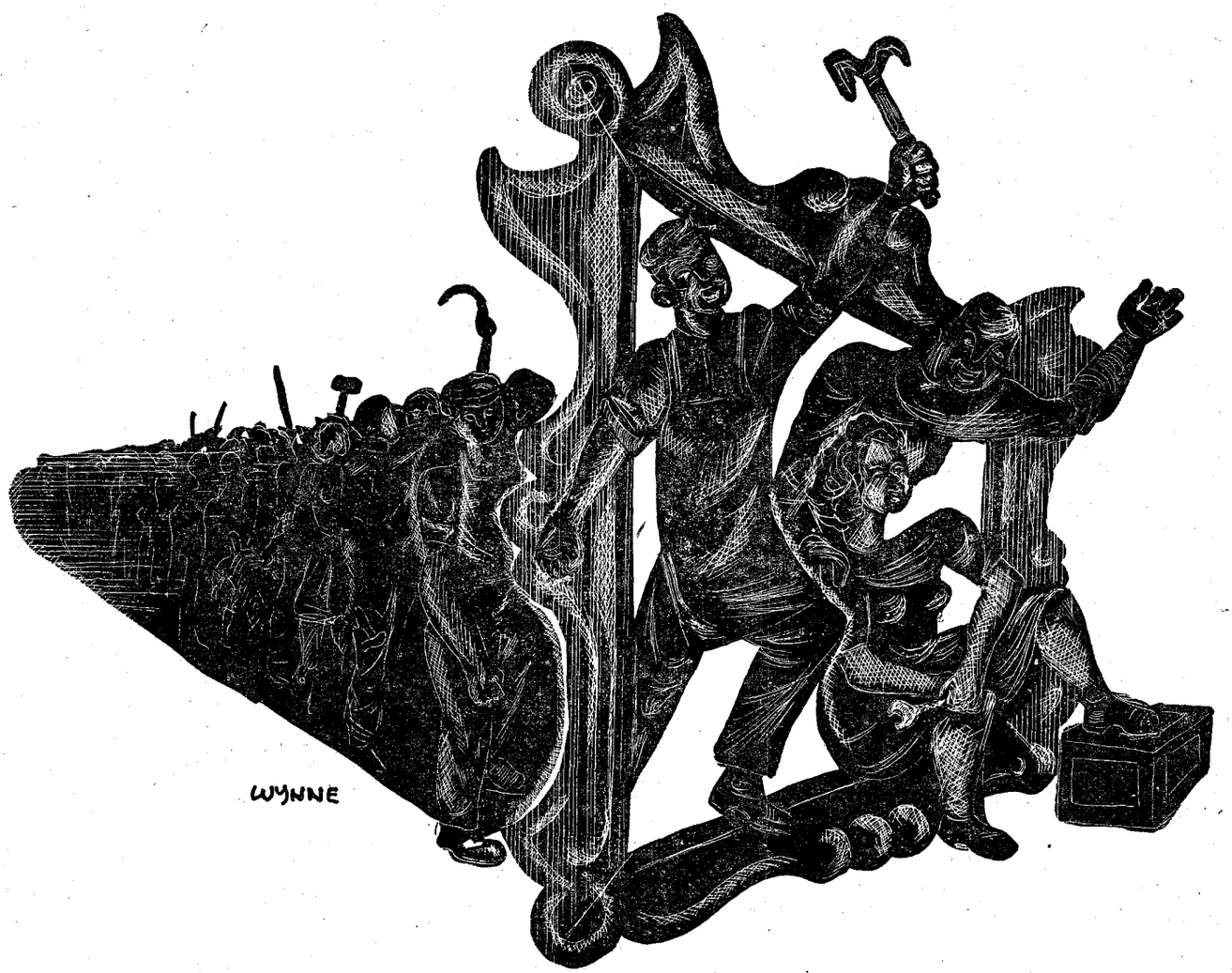
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELEMENTS OF A

PEOPLE'S CULTURAL POLICY

The chairman of the Communist Party discusses art as a weapon; foresees a resurgence of progressive spirit in all cultural fields.

By WILLIAM Z. FOSTER



As A START on a people's cultural program, there must be a clear understanding that "art is a weapon" in the class struggle. Not only is art a weapon, but a very potent one as well. Through 5,000 years of recorded history ruling classes have understood this fact and have lavishly used art to buttress their regimes. This was true of the early Chinese, Indian, Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, Roman and other great empires, whose potentates not only made wide use of architecture, precious metal work, sculpture, the dance, poetry, pottery, and so forth, for beauty and luxury's sake, but used them especially to impress the enslaved masses with the power and divine origin of the rulers and their God-given right to retain their domination. Throughout the long centuries of feudalism, also, the dominating landed aristocracy made free use of every major art form to glorify itself and to entrench its class rule. Especially was the powerful Catholic hierarchy skillful in this use of art during the Middle Ages. Its gorgeous cathedrals, splendid rituals, and great music, sculpture and painting were all designed to awe the people and to strengthen the Church's material and spiritual control.

Likewise the modern capitalist class, from its inception, has extensively used art in many forms as a means both to defeat its early feudal rivals and to establish its domination over the present-day working class. One would be blind not to see that the major art forms of today—the radio, the motion picture, the novel, the theater and so forth—all of which are highly organized and capitalized—are instruments used by the bourgeoisie not only for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

profit and pleasure's sake, but also to defend their class rule. This artistic support of capitalism is often subtle, which makes it the more effective. Thus in the various bourgeois mediums of art and culture the whole capitalist system, with all its ethical and moral implications, is taken for granted as the inevitable and immutable form of society, and as such it is systematically and dextrously supported.

In view of the long indisputable historic record of the use of art by ruling classes as a major means to maintain themselves in power, it is absurd to contend at this date that "art is not a weapon"; that it is some sort of mystic force "above the battle" of the classes. Throughout the ages of civilization artists have, for the most part, sung, written, painted and built in the class interest of the current political and clerical rulers.

Second, we must also recognize that not only have all ruling classes throughout the centuries used art as a class weapon, but they have also kept their artists in the status of servitors. In the great empires of antiquity artists, even the most eminent, were often, if not usually, actual slaves. Under feudalism also, while the position of cultural workers was somewhat better, the ruling classes nevertheless dominated them ruthlessly. The "patronage" system prevailed almost universally, under which arrangement the livelihood of the poet, painter, playwright, sculptor or architect depended upon the goodwill of ruling class "angels." Thus, many of the great plays, paintings and other works of art (and even various scientific studies of the Middle Ages) were dedicated in the most servile terms of adulation to the insignificant princes of state and Church who financed them.

Capitalism uses somewhat less obvious ways than slavery and the patronage system (although strong remnants of the latter still remain) to retain control of its artists and its cultural workers, but its methods are nevertheless effective. With the great organized cultural institutions of our times firmly in their grasp, the capitalists confront artists with the ultimatum that if they want to work and live they must defend the prevalent social system through their various forms of artistic expression. The artist is "free" under capitalism no more than the industrial worker is "free," although the artist's shackles may be gilded and somewhat less obvious than those of the worker. The artist, be he playwright, actor, novelist, musician or what not, who ventures upon artistic work detrimental to the interests of the ruling bourgeoisie may expect to find himself belabored by their heavy weapons of boycott or direct attack, as thousands of Left and progressive artists have found out to their bitter cost. On the other hand, if the artist sings the glories of capitalism (and can do it competently, and if there is no surfeit of artists) he will find himself a financial success. Free art and free artists under capitalism are a fiction. As Lenin said: "The freedom of the bourgeois writer, artist, or actress is nothing but a self-deceptive (or hypocritically deceiving) dependence upon the money bags, upon bribery, upon patronage."

Under fascism it is made especially clear that the bourgeoisie uses art as a weapon and also controls its artists as instruments of class rule. In Nazi Germany, for example, art in all its forms was hardly more than the crudest propaganda, and the artists, no less than members of the Wehrmacht, were soldiers of the German imperialist bourgeoisie. Throughout capitalism generally the same principles apply, but it is under fascism that the subjugation of bourgeois art to bourgeois political rule is made unmistakably obvious.

HISTORICALLY, however, although ruling classes have always understood and used art and artists as major instruments to maintain their economic, political and religious regimes, they have never been able fully to monopolize art or completely to enslave the artists. All through the ages the oppressed classes, often under severe hardships, have developed in greater or lesser degree their own art forms and artists. National cultures are rich with the peoples' folk songs, their minstrels and ballad singers, their poetry, their theaters, their artistic handicrafts. Moreover, rising revolutionary social classes, instinctively realizing the importance of art as a social weapon, have always forged their own art and used it to challenge that of the existing ruling class. The national culture in any given period has never been identical with the culture of the ruling class. Only under socialism, with its abolition of classes, does there develop an integrated, harmonious and luxuriant culture, expressive of the moods, interests and artistic spirit of all sections of the population.

Especially vivid and dramatic was the winning struggle of the art and artists of the rising bourgeoisie against those of the declining feudal aristocracy, a struggle which lasted from the sixteenth century right down (in diminishing degree) to our own times. Thus, for example, the great playwrights of the late feudal period waged fierce (and largely conscious) warfare against the new writers and ways of life of the developing bourgeoisie. And thus, Protestantism all over Europe, with a leftish anti-artistic streak that it has not yet fully recovered from, tried, with its austere doctrines and its naked churches, to combat the feudalistic influence of the magnificent Catholic cathedrals and their gorgeous religious ritualism. Akin to this leftism was the English Puritan bourgeoisie's bitter assaults upon the theater, which had long been an artistic and political buttress of feudalism. These cultural class conflicts greatly complicated the character of art during such revolutionary periods, often producing hybrid as well as new forms of art and literature, combining different class art expressions in the person of individual writers, painters, poets, architects, etc. Thus Shakespeare, although reflecting certain feudal values, nevertheless displayed some influences of the rising bourgeoisie. But through all this maze of varied art expression Marxists have little difficulty in tracing the ideological battle lines of the contending social classes.

We are now living in such a period of revolutionary art struggle, with all its complexities and subtleties. The advancing proletariat, with the rest of the democratic forces tending to follow in its train, is challenging the bourgeoisie in the fields of culture, as well as in those of industry and politics. These new artistic trends, which are to be found in every phase of present-day culture, are not to be considered merely as variations or currents in bourgeois art. In the fire of the current class struggle the elements of a new people's culture are being forged.

This new people's art is not a Socialist culture, as it has not broken with capitalist ideology; but it is nevertheless imbued with a democratic spirit and it is arrayed against capitalist reaction and fascism. The new democratic culture now developing embraces interests as broad and deep as the people's love of freedom, their sense of beauty, their hopes and aspiration, their hates and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loves and fears, their plans and struggles, their defeats and victories.

The basic task of Communist and other democratic artists and cultural workers of all kinds is to identify themselves with this basic artistic striving of the masses and to help it find effective expression in all its ramifications. There are some artists, however, among them pseudo-Lefts, who, with the slogan of "art for art's sake," claim that the life interests of the democratic masses of our people are too restricted to provide these artists with adequate breadth for the expression of their artistic talents. Such people seem to be able to find true artistic expression only when they are voicing the moods and ideas and interests of the bourgeoisie in one way or another. The real motivation of such people is less ideological than material. Beneath their elaborate defense of the freedom of capitalist art lies a hankering for the rich fleshpots with which capitalism rewards its artistic defenders. The artistic and political degeneration of such writers as Richard Wright, John Dos Passos, James Farrell and others, who claimed that the Left cramped their artistic qualities, illustrates this point.

The new, elementary people's culture is developing along two general avenues. For one thing, progressive artists are raising their voices independently in literature, in the theater, and in various other artistic fields. At the same time they are also exerting constructive pressures upon the organized, capitalized cultural forms: the radio, the press, the motion pictures, etc.

Communist and other democratic artists should cultivate both of these streams of the new people's art. As the very basis of their activity, they should further the growth of every form of democratic cultural activities outside direct capitalist control, including the work of independent artists in every field, the publication of good books and the production of progressive plays, the promotion of artistic and general cultural work by trade unions, Negro groups, farmers' organizations and other people's groupings, the development of democratic art projects by the local, state and national governments, the strengthening of publication facilities by the Left, and the establishment of organized artists' movements. It was one of the worst features of Browder's revisionism in the cultural field that, with its policy of tailing after the bourgeoisie, it tended to liquidate these independent artistic endeavors.

Progressive artists should also strive to make their constructive influence felt within the scope of the great commercialized organizations of the bourgeoisie—motion pictures, radio, literature, theater, etc. Artists must eat, like other people. Many artists, therefore, are necessarily constrained to work under direct capitalist controls, on employers' payrolls, pretty much as workers are. It is also a political and artistic necessity to penetrate the commercialized art medium. It would be as foolish for artists to refuse to work for bourgeois cultural organizations as it would be for workers to declare a permanent strike against the capitalists' industries. But this does not mean that artists so employed should become servile tools or prostitutes for these exploiters, as unfortunately many do. On the contrary, the progressive artists have a double responsibility. Not only should they actively cultivate every form of independent artistic activity, but they should also fight, as workers do in capitalist industry, to make their democratic influence felt in the commercialized cultural organizations. The fact that the capitalists, through their commercialized art forms, have to appeal, for profit's sake, to the broadest ranks of the people, makes these forms especially vulnerable to ideological and organizational pressure, as much experience demonstrates.

Often, the struggle against the capitalists' domination of the organized cultural field is a very difficult one, as many Left artists have learned to their cost. But the struggle can be greatly facilitated if the artists will call upon the people in their mass organizations to support their struggle for democratic art.

Here, the trade unions and artistic guilds have an especially important role to play. Artists in the motion picture industry, for example, whether actors, writers, or others, should fight against all "Stepin Fechit" caricatures of the Negro people, against Red-baiting, anti-Semitism, anti-trade union conceptions and other reactionary currents. More than this, artists and writers on the payroll of the capitalists should also fight to compel bourgeois commercial art to make place for positive expression of the new cultural needs of the people. A Toscannini refusing, under heavy threats, to play the Italian fascist national anthem, a Robeson or a Sinatra singing the songs of the people on capitalist-produced radio and motion picture programs, a Dreiser blasting away at narrow-minded literary standards—these are typical symbols of how true democratic artists can compel even the highly-organized bourgeois culture to hearken to the voice of the masses. When such courageous artists get solid backing from the democratic mass organizations it will be possible to strike a much sharper progressive note in our national culture, even in those big branches of it that are organized primarily for profit and to develop ideological support for the capitalist system. It was also an especially disastrous effect of Browderism that it weakened such struggles within the capitalized art forms and tended to surrender the artists to Browder's so-called progressive bourgeoisie.

The special task of the Communists in the development of the new democratic trends in our national culture is to enrich culture with Marxian understanding and to carry it to the people. The Communists must, above all others, be the ones to understand the true significance of art as a weapon in the class struggle and to know how to combat all reactionary capitalist ideological hindrances to the development of the new people's democratic art. They must realistically develop a penetrating Marxist criticism. They must strive for the utmost excellence in their own artistic creative work. They must take the lead in educating and mobilizing the great masses to support all independent art projects of the people, to fight against reactionary trends in the capitalistically organized literature, theater, radio, motion pictures, etc., and to insist upon democratic artistic expressions through these powerful mediums. They must ceaselessly teach artists the elements of Marxism and inspire the whole body of artistic and cultural workers with the perspective of the great cultural renaissance that socialism brings with it.

THE Communists, to be effective in all this work, must be alert to fight against the Left and Right dangers. Left sectarian trends are prominent in the new people's democratic art. They have done great harm in the past and are still not without considerable negative effects. Among such leftist trends may be noted tendencies to sweep aside all bourgeois art, past and present, as useless and dangerous, to have contempt for all art that is not immediately expressive of the class struggle, to fall into narrow cultism of various sorts,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to idealize the working class, to disdain high standards in artistic technique, to adopt sectarian attitudes toward the problems of artists working in the organized art mediums and cultural organizations of the bourgeoisie, etc. Such leftist conceptions have nothing in common with a people's cultural policy. The Communists, contrary to all such narrowness, should have the highest appreciation, as exemplified by Lenin and the Russian Bolsheviks, of bourgeois artistic achievements; they should have the broadest of all conceptions of what art is and of its vital social role; they should strive to be masters of artistic techniques and should eagerly learn much that bourgeois artists have to teach in this respect; they should be militant opponents of every conception of "artists in uniform" controls; they should be leaders in the artistic fight in every field not only in the initiation of independent art activities, but also in cultivating democratic expressions within the scope of the bourgeoisie's organized, capitalized cultural mediums. They must especially fight against the destructive effects of Trotskyism in every cultural field.

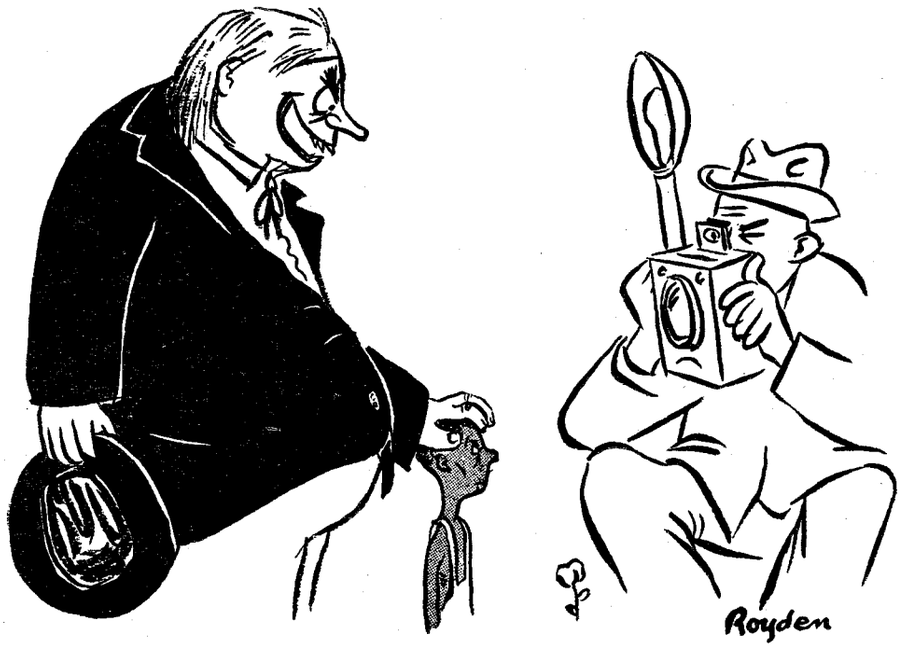
Left sectarian trends are still highly corrosive to a democratic cultural program. Nevertheless, the main danger in the cultural field is the Right danger, which is the direct pressure of capitalism itself. This Right danger, in general, expresses itself in the tendency of cultural workers to fall victims of, or surrender to, the insidious attempts of the bourgeoisie to stifle every manifestation of the new people's art and to enslave ideologically the people's artists. Among the major manifestations of the Right danger is the acceptance of the bourgeois propaganda to the effect that art is "free" and has nothing to do with the class struggle; that the artist has no democratic message for the people; that the man as artist has no relationship to the man as citizen, and that technical content and not social content is the essence of art. Such ideas not only liquidate the democratic ideology of the artist, but also degenerate him into a puppet of the bourgeoisie, a defender of every detrimental feature of capitalist culture, an accepter of the wages of the capitalists in return for poisoning the minds of the people. Browderism tended to cultivate all these enervating Right tendencies. The Communists must be the leaders in fighting against such Right dangers, which operate to make the artist merely an appendage and servant of the decadent capitalist system and its sterile art.

The present debate now going on in the left-wing press over the original Albert Maltz article in NEW MASSES is a healthy sign of the correction of our revisionism in the cultural field, as well as in other branches of our Party's work. For Browder, with his imperialistic theories to the effect that the American bourgeoisie has become progressive, not only set our Party to tailing after the capitalists in the field of politics, but also in that of culture. Maltz's article expressed elements of this Right trend, now happily being corrected by Maltz himself. From the course of the debate it is clear that the necessary rectifications in our Party's understanding and practice are being made.

The tone of the debate has been sharp. Some people attempt to interpret this sharpness as an indication that the Communist Party wants to regiment the artists. But this is decidedly not the case; the Party wants to cultivate the maximum freedom of artistic expression among cultural workers of all kinds. It knows full well that without such freedom there can be no productive people's art. But Maltz's article was of a highly theoretical character, and in matters of theory Communists insist upon clarity. Maltz in his article attempted to lay down, and incorrectly, the line that should be followed generally by progressive artists in every field of culture. Hence his proposals had to be discussed with all the sharpness necessary to achieve theoretical clarity. The debate is a healthy one. The Communist Party and its friends are now getting a much-needed lesson in the principles of Marxism in the cultural field, and the Party is actively laying the basis for the soundest artistic program it has ever had.

The next years will show a tremendous resurgence of progressive spirit in every cultural field. Capitalism is sinking deeper into its general crisis, and the reactionaries, who see their precious social system threatened, are moving again in the direction of fascism and another world war in an attempt to save it. More and more the democratic forces, here and abroad, are going over onto the political and ideological offensive against capitalist decadence in all its manifestations. These awakening masses and peoples will increasingly demand the voice of every kind of artist in their struggle against reactionary capitalists, especially American big capital. Hence our Party must be fully prepared to play a vital leading role in this broad cultural movement of the people, even as it does in every other phase of the class struggle.

This Week's Rankest



"HE doesn't want to be shut up in school all day."—Senator Rankest.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE END OF THE WAR

A Short Story

By JAY WILLIAMS

Helen West Heller

The Nazi lay wounded, captive . . . yet his few muttered words burst like a mortar among the casualties in the Army hospital ward.

JUST as the ambulance doors slammed shut the man in the middle began to groan. He groaned slowly, forcing it out between clenched teeth, staring up at the ceiling of the ambulance, drawing in his knees slightly with each breath. High Pockets turned his head laboriously and looked down.

"What's the trouble, fella?" he asked. The man in the middle didn't answer.

"He's some kind of foreigner," said the man in the upper litter opposite High Pockets. "I heard one of them medics say something to him in it sounded like German."

High Pockets looked away and braced himself as the ambulance started with a lurch. "Goddam!" he said softly; it had become a familiar feeling, this bracing of yourself against the poles of the litter to ease the jouncing of the ambulance, holding your breath over each bump when it seemed the bandages on the wound must be made of stone. He had been rocked in ambulances from the aid station to the collecting station, from the clearing company to the Field Hospital, then to the Air Evac depot, and now at last, in England, he was taking perhaps his last ambulance ride to the General Hospital. He hoped desperately that it would be the last.

From the top litter he could look through the tiny panes of glass in the back door and see a little of the countryside. He relaxed, bracing his head on a fold of the blanket, and stared out at trim fields and flights of rooks. It sure is pretty, he said to himself. Maybe I'll get a rest, now. Maybe the war's over for a while.

He thought about his wound. "Wounded in Action. Shell-fragment; High Explosive" it said on his chart. He repeated the phrase in his mind, conscious of a warm, triumphant pleasure. Almost at once, a little ashamed of himself, he put the thought out of his head. Guys got the Purple Heart for tripping over a meat can, he told himself resentfully, for scratching their fingers on pocket-knives. There was the story, he remembered with amusement, of a guy who got the Purple Heart when a cow sat on him in a foxhole, because it was an enemy cow.

Looking at the sliver of fields and woodland that rolled slowly past, he thought about Einkirchen with its fields sown with wreckage and its woods sprinkled with snipers. He remembered the piles of rubbish where houses had been, and the window shade that had kept him awake all one night, flapping in the fragments of a wall. He remembered the dead horses in the streets and the man that lay among the bricks, indistinguishable from the stone dust except for one arm. What good did it do to think back to those days? They were gone: the war was over for him.

The man in the middle groaned softly. Someone said, "Shut up, buddy, will you? Shut up, for Jesus' sake."

The man in the middle said, "*Ich muss wasser haben.*"

High Pockets looked at him again. The groaning man was quite young; he had light brown hair and gaunt, fuzzy cheeks. He obviously saw nothing out of his round, stupid, blue eyes.

High Pockets knew the word "*Wasser.*" So the guy was a Jerry. Son of a bitch. He thought the curse without rancor, suspended as he was in his litter between worlds, away from reality. He was a man with a wound, and at the moment he could not hate properly.

What of the shell which had got him, he thought. Did it hate? He remem-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bered the mud in which he had lain while the mortar shells bracketed battalion headquarters. The shells had a personality, or so it had seemed to him then. He could hear them leave the mortars in the distance with a sound like the slamming of a door. Then there was a silence, then the angry rush of air as the dreadful messenger hurled itself at him. *Anger and murder* was what the shell whispered; its fury burst against the earth like a maniac tearing up the stones. High Pockets remembered the vicious bite of the shrapnel that had slammed into his chest. He thought of it as a tangible blow from the enemy hidden on the hillside opposite.

But now, blanketed in his litter, he wondered about that shell. Hadn't he been foolish, giving life to a thing like that? It was all in his mind, as the Doc used to say; a mortar shell couldn't feel hate or anger. It just was: a machine, doing what it was supposed to do. If you carried that a step further you thought about the guy who fired the mortar. Maybe he was just a machine, too, doing what he was supposed to do. How could you hate a machine? The man on the floor groaned again, as if to punctuate the thought.

THE ambulance entered a side road, and High Pockets had a glimpse of low brick buildings and green lawn. He twisted his head and called to the ambulance driver, "Hey, fella, this the place?"

"Yup."

"Jesus, I hope we stay here a while."

"You'll stay here. This is the General Hospital."

When the doors were opened and the litters lifted out, High Pockets asked again, "Do we get to stay here a while?"

The soldier in fatigues who held the foot of the litter nodded. "Until they ship you to rehab. or back to the States."

"Well, that's fine. You get awful tired of being towed around."

The man in fatigues gestured at the ambulance with his head. "What's the matter with that guy?"

Three or four men were gathered around the stretcher on which the German lay. One of them said angrily, "What in hell is this? This guy's a Heinie."

"Some of these medics don't give a damn about nothing these days," someone else said. "You'd think the damn war was over."

"It is over for this guy," said the ambulance driver. One or two of the men laughed sourly.

"What'll we do with it?"

A corporal said, "Inside. They'll know in the office. May have to put him in the regular wards overnight."

Without further comment the litter was carried away, the man on it turning his head restlessly from side to side.

High Pockets' litter followed. In the long reception room they took his name and unit, asked the routine questions, and heard without emotion his complaint, made for the dozenth time, about the theft of his P-38 in the field hospital. Then he was wheeled down a stone corridor and into the pleasant warmth of the ward. White-blanketed beds stretched its length, those near the door a maze of scaffolding for the traction cases, the rest ordinary metal bedsteads. Long blackout drapes hung near the casemented windows, and through the glass doors at the rear could be seen the slope of the hills and a church spire.

High Pockets rolled from the stretcher to the bed at the end of one row. Other litters following were unloaded similarly up the line. Craning his neck, he recognized the German with a start of discomfort.

"Hey!" he shouted to the litter-bearers. The whole ward looked at him. He coughed unhappily, not anxious to make a spectacle of himself. "Just wanted an extra pillow," he muttered.

The man across from him, a foxy-faced young soldier with one leg off, swung himself to his crutches and hobbled over with a pillow. "Dinner will be in a minute," he said. "What outfit you from?"

High Pockets told him.

"I got mine in Saarbrucken," the other said. "This is a hell of a hole. Not enough ward boys. Work us to death here."

"Bitching again, Alamo?" someone said.

Alamo swung himself around dexterously. "I'll beat you to death with a crutch," he said.

"Get a load of the staff sergeant," said a Negro in the next bed. He grinned and waved an arm swathed in a cast. "He'll pull his rank on you before you know it and put you on a twenty-year KP."

"Lay off, Shorty," said Alamo. He boosted himself to the edge of High Pockets' bed and sat there, tapping the floor with his crutches.

"What were you with?" High Pockets asked the Negro.

"Field Artillery."

Alamo put in, "His was the outfit that used to sing, every time they fired a round, 'Rommel, Rommel, count your personnel.' "

"I heard of them," said High Pockets, looking at the Negro soldier with respect. "A good bunch of guys, even if they did get to ride around while we had to hike."

The Negro laughed. "Like to meet an infantryman some day who didn't say that!" he chuckled.

THE ward master, a red-haired nurse, bustled up with a clip-board and thermometer, to put an end to the talk. "Wounded?" she asked briskly. High Pockets nodded. She flipped the thermometer out of his mouth and added, "Captain will look at you later. No special diet?"

"No, Ma'am."

"That's a good boy."

As she passed to the next man, a worried-looking ward boy came up with the dinner tray. He propped High Pockets up and set the tray across his knees.

High Pockets had almost finished when there came a loud cursing at the German's bed. The ward boy, his forehead more wrinkled than ever, stood at the foot of the bed with a tray in his hands, staring at the German in dismay.

"This guy's a Kraut," he said. "What's he saying?"

The German, the upper part of his body bare, was shaking his head nervously, talking rapidly. Tears stood in his young eyes, and he seemed very frightened.

High Pockets felt a twinge of sympathy for the boy. After all, he was so young; High Pockets could sense a little of what he must feel, separated from his unit, wounded and in a hospital of the enemy.

"Why don't you get an interpreter?" he called to the ward boy.

Alamo, his sharp face expressionless, said, "They're sure putting everything into action, ain't they? Some of them I've seen was fifty years old. This one looks about fifteen."

The interpreter, when he finally came, was a sergeant with glasses and an Army Service Forces shoulder patch. He sat down beside the German's bed and spoke earnestly to him for a few minutes. Then he glanced at the nurse. "He says he's got a belly wound. He says he must have a special diet."

The nurse shook her head. "Tell him he can eat what he's given," she replied. Her red hair bristled with indignation. "There's nothing there that will hurt him."

There was another conversation, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at last the German shrugged and nodded. The interpreter took up a spoonful of soup and began to feed him.

"Look at that, would you," Alamo snorted. "Ain't that a pretty sight?"

"He's mighty choosy about his dinner," High Pockets said.

The Negro rolled over on an elbow and chuckled. "He sure looks like one of them supermen, don't he? Spoon-fed superman."

Laughter burst from an amputation across the aisle. "You just hit it, Shorty," he shouted. "Spoon-fed Superman! Haw!"

"With a hole in the middle," added a trench-foot case.

"Ought to call him super-doughnut!"

"Hey, sergeant! Ask him when he's going to quit wet-nursing."

The sick, the wounded, laughed wildly. If there was anger in their hilarity it was held in check by the German boy's skinny arms and hairless chest, by his pallor, and by the natural sympathy that draws all sick men together.

The German turned his face away from the spoon and said something to the interpreter. The interpreter shrugged his shoulders.

"What'd he say, sergeant?" the amputation asked.

The interpreter drew up one corner of his mouth. Beyond this demonstration of partisanship he would not go. "He says you're making too much noise. He can't eat."

A SILENCE fell on the ward. In the silence the German said loudly and plaintively, *"Und mit einem Neger zusammen kann Ich nicht essen!"*

The Negro artilleryman sat up. His smile was gone; his face had set into hard, accustomed battle lines.

"Don't get excited, Shorty," Alamo said from behind him.

"Mit einem Neger . . ." the German repeated. His lips were trembling, but he managed to raise his head.

The ward master swung on her heel and walked quickly away. The double doors slammed behind her.

High Pockets could feel the icy tension mounting in the air, manifesting itself as electricity in his finger-tips and along his spine. It was like the moment after the explosion of a mortar, the moment of dangerous silence. He himself understood no more German than the others, but the word *"Neger"* had stood out for him with cold and immediate clarity. The situation had somehow shifted from banter to deadly hatred.

"I got what he said, all right." The Negro slid himself off the bed. "That's the same word any language you call it."

Alamo caught him by the shoulder. "Easy, Shorty," he whispered.

Alamo hobbled to the ward boy and caught him by the shoulders. "Get that son of a bitch out of here," he said. His voice was unexpectedly authoritative. "Do you want the place torn apart over your head? Get him out!"

The ward boy and the interpreter spoke together for a moment, then the ward boy hurried to find the nurse.

Little by little the ward fell still. In that quiet attendants bundled the German onto a litter and wheeled him out. The interpreter, one corner of his mouth still drawn up, followed.

High Pockets turned his face to the wall. Without seeing, he knew that no one was looking at Shorty directly; that all were feeling an identical shame and embarrassment. In his mind he said, I'm on your side, Shorty. You're one of us, a soldier. I hate that guy as much as you do.

He knew that Alamo, the amputation case, the others, were making their excuses equally silently. He knew, too, that the war was not yet over for him, not for any of them. Not with a wound, not with a return home, not with civilian clothes would it be ended. There was a deep, sullen pain in his chest that told him he was in for another sleepless night.

PAUL BUNYAN WAS OK IN HIS TIME

"Human history is work history. The heroes of the people are work heroes."—Meridel Le Sueur. The ways of modern American folklore.

By B. A. BOTKIN

EVERY hero, whether real or imaginary, is a social expression, embodying in ideal form the traits and spirit of some heroic age. In America this heroic age is generally identified with the Frontier, fulfilling as it does the epic requirements "of a society cut loose from its roots, of a time of migrations, of the shifting of populations." Since the Frontier is only another name for the shifting fringe of settlement, each successive wave of migration has produced its own hero or heroes. And since each wave of migration is correlated with some heroic labor, most of our heroes are work heroes. The work hero is a form of culture hero, who either belongs to history or makes history. The great culture heroes, of course, do not simply change the country but make it a better place to live in—they change the world.

In their historical and cultural role, heroes look backward to a vanished era or forward to a new one. In this way they are either anachronistic or prophetic, nostalgic or revolutionary, depending upon whether the Golden Age lies behind or ahead. At the same time every great hero expresses some permanent truth or faith which each new generation or group may reinterpret in its own way, as it reads new meaning into the past or sees new values in the present.

Heroes do not spring up overnight, but are built up over a period of years through the accumulations and variations of oral tradition and popular literature. Hero tales pass from mouth to mouth and are constantly reworked by professional writers as well as by natural story-tellers until they form a cycle or saga. And as new struggles

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arise and new problems demand new solutions or old solutions become inadequate, old heroes are made over and new ones are constantly in the making.

This relation of heroes to struggle and the solution of problems is a fundamental one. If the heroes of one age or country seem inadequate by comparison with those of another, the reason may simply be that their solutions are too easy. It takes great struggles to make great heroes—struggles for survival and freedom, revolts against injustice and oppression, conflicts between old and new social systems or world orders. Thus the Negro's struggle for freedom has produced some of the noblest creations of American folklore, including the spirituals or freedom songs, the blues and songs of protest, the Br'er Rabbit and John tales, and the steel-driving hero, John Henry, beside whom Paul Bunyan seems a little childish.

The struggle, the heroic age, from which Paul Bunyan springs is the source of all our frontier heroes—the struggle against nature, the conquest of the continent, the epic of wilderness-clearing and land-taking. This experience gave rise to a body of tall tales—brags, lies, and gibes about rich land and poor land, booms and busts, feasts and famines, floods, droughts, blizzards, marvelous hunts, big crops and giant vegetables, and other freaks of nature, human nature, and "unnatural" natural history—which gradually became attached to individual heroes or supermen—at first actual, perhaps, and then legendary.

In its conception of a free, resourceful, outdoor, migratory life, self-sufficient and democratic, the Paul Bunyan legend perpetuates the pioneer tradition, which has given us the quasi-legendary, homely figures of the Yankee Peddler, the Backwoodsman, and the Homesteader, as well as solitary, eccentric "heroes of endurance" like Johnny Appleseed. The "last frontier" of the North woods and the Southwest oil fields, to which Paul Bunyan moved on, is only a few steps removed from the hunting and trapping society of Davy Crockett and Mike Fink. The logging fraternity of the generous camp boss and his loyal crew grew out of and reflects the fluid, mobile social relations of the frontier before the tightening of class lines and the sharpening of conflict between worker and boss. Similarly, as Margaret Larkin has remarked about cowboy songs, "the boss rode with the hands" and "every cowpuncher was a prospective cowman; all that was needed to start a herd was a stout rope and a running iron."

At the same time the humorous, idyllic fantasy of the Paul Bunyan stories bears an inverted relation to the actual conditions of the logging camp of the past, as if it were history written upside down. For instance, we know that the bunkhouses in Paul Bunyan's time were dirty and vermin-infested. But legend has it that the loggers either made friends with the bedbugs or they didn't last very long. "The story is that the loggers all had their pet bugs that followed them around camp and out in the woods like dogs, some even being trained, it is said, to steal blankets off adjoining bunks for their masters on especially cold nights." After the I.W.W. had cleaned up the camps, a new kind of bedbug (sometimes crumb) story began to go the rounds. This version makes out the bugs and the bosses to be "blood brothers," who take turns bleeding the slaves by day and night. And the bugs keep the slaves "so busy scratching they can't do any thinking" or organizing.

"Paul Bunyan was all right in his time," begins the story of the "Crumbs," "but he didn't have the big shots of today to deal with. . . ." With the great changes that took place in industry and labor as a result of mechanization, centralization and unionization, the conception of the hero underwent a change. The work hero became a worker hero, who identifies himself with the cause of organized labor in the class struggle that marks a new heroic age.

In this conflict singing has played an important part and at times even seemed to overshadow story-telling, as ballads have celebrated labor's heroes and labor's exploits, union songs championed labor's cause, and strike songs cheered workers on the picket line.

And worker bards, who were also organizers and in many cases martyrs, and so "had what it takes to make songs," became new heroes of labor, from the "Molly Maguire" balladists and Joe Hill to Ella May Wiggin and Aunt Molly Jackson. The spirit of Joe Hill's songs is the spirit of his last words as he faced the firing squad in Salt Lake City on Nov. 17, 1915: "The cause I stand for means more than any human life —much more than mine. Let 'er go!" At the Third American Writers' Congress, in June, 1939, Aunt Molly Jackson, a coal miner's wife from Harlan County, Kentucky, told the Folklore Craft Session how she wrote her songs:

"Anything that touched my heart I liked to compose a song or poem about.

"I composed one a morning in Harlan County, when fifteen of the miners' children went to a soup kitchen in the field. I recognized the voice of Flossie, my sister's child. Blood was coming down through their toes in the rain. Why are these children so naked in the cold rain? I sang the exact situation and surroundings and how I felt at that time. I called it the 'Kentucky Miners' Hungry Blues.' It began, 'I am sad and weary and got the hungry ragged blues.' "

American workers had sung of their grievances in ballads and folk songs long before. For example, in the forecastle song, "Boston," the sailor sang:

Up comes the skipper from down below,
And he looks aloft and he looks alow,
And he looks alow and he looks aloft,
And it's "Coil up your ropes there, fore and aft."

Then down to his cabin he quickly crawls,
And unto his steward he loudly bawls,
"Go mix me a glass that will make me cough,
For it's better weather here than it is up aloft."

We poor sailors standing on the deck,
With the blasted rain all a-pouring down our necks;
Not a drop of grog would he to us afford,
But he damns our eyes with every other word.

And one thing which we have to crave
Is that he may have a watery grave,
So we'll heave him down into some dark hole,
Where the sharks'll have his body and the devil have his soul.

Like new wine in old bottles, new words are written to old tunes and new lines added to old songs. In Joe Hill's parody, Casey Jones is a scab

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the S.P. line, who dies and goes to heaven, where he keeps on scabbing until the Angels' Union, Number 23, throws him into hell:

Casey Jones, went to Hell a-flying.
Casey Jones, the Devil said, Oh, fine.
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur.
That's what you get for scabbing on the S.P. Line.

If this song traduces the name and fame of Casey Jones, (whose memory is honored by a monument in Cayce, Kentucky, as well as by the folk song), other heroes have fared better in their new incarnations. Joe Magarac, the steel man, made rails by squeezing the hot steel through his fingers—four rails from each hand—and jumped into a furnace to make better steel, recalling memories of foundation sacrifice rites and stories of men who have fallen into vats of molten steel and been buried with the metal (as in Mike Gold's poem "A Strange Funeral in Braddock" and Joseph Auslander's "Steel"). In a Pittsburgh version, supplied by J. Ernest Wright, Joe Magarac is the class-conscious worker who believes the mills belong to the men rather than the men to the mills:

"And the steel makers say that if a man works for a long time in the mills and does right by his fellow workers he will sometimes be able to see Joe sitting in the furnace, and that if you speak to him he will say 'Hello.' . . .

"And the steel men say that once when some one asked him who owned the mill he worked at he said, 'We own the mills because we built them, and because we make the steel that comes out of them.' "

In the new folklore of labor even a "bad man" could be a "good guy" if he fought on the right side. Woody Guthrie sings:

The outlaw Jesse James would never rob the poor,
Or frighten a mother with a child. . . .
But he took it from the rich and he gave it to the poor,
And they shot poor Jesse on the sly.

And in "Pretty Boy Floyd":

As through this world I've traveled, there's lots of funny men,
Some rob you with a six-gun, and some with a fountain pen.
I've known lots of outlaws, but I have never known
An Oklahoma outlaw to drive a family from their home.

THOUGH workers' songs have had a wider circulation because of their more obvious utility and appeal ("the people are on the march and must have songs to sing"), there have also been workers' sayings and stories, some of them of a more esoteric nature, told within the group—in the union hall and wherever workers congregate. On the Federal Writers' Project of New York City, beginning in 1938, an attempt was made to round up this new urban and industrial lore, from taxi drivers, sandhogs, iron workers, plasterers, needle trade workers, shoe workers, hospital workers, stage hands, longshoremen, seamen, marine telegraph operators, Pullman porters and the like. Although the study uncovered no new heroes of the stature of Paul Bunyan and John Henry, it revealed a rich soil of anecdote, allusion and character from which future heroes might spring, in labor's new epic of excavation, construction, manufacturing, transportation, trade and service.

From Chicago came new tall tales and true stories of industry—railroading, freight car repair yards, auto plants, packing plants, rubber heel plants, bricklaying, sign painting—realistic and critical in their humorous portrayal of customs like initiation ceremonials and differences and rivalries between old and new hands, piece workers and day workers, hand workers and machine workers, backward (in the union sense) and advanced workers. The favorite butt of satire in auto plants is the worker from the sticks "who sells his labor at a minimum and sets a pace in getting out the work." Nelson Algren tells how the time-study man, "that mother-robbin' creeper that watches you from behind dolly trucks and stock boxes . . . always trying to figger a way to get more work out of you at the same pay" was almost knocked off the Christmas tree when True-Blue Highpockets from the forks of the crick "told him he reckoned he could do a sight more than he was. He was tending a milling machine that worked pretty fast, but it only took one hand.

"Next thing we know, by Jesus, the time-study man was having the millwright put in another milling machine for Highpockets' left hand, and be damned if he don't turn out twicet as much work as before. The time-study man has got real fond of him by this time, and hangs around watching and admiring him. Trouble is, he started in on the rest of us wanting we should do something about them idle left hands of ours. . . .

"Next, there's a block and tackle business fastened to Highpockets' right leg, and he's pulling stock pans off one conveyor onto another, slick as you please. . . .

"It goes from bad to worse, with next a band fastened to Highpockets' *left* leg, and be damned if he ain't jerking empty fender hooks off another conveyor and piling them in a dolly box, neat as apple pie. . . .

"We thought Highpockets was speeded to full steam finally, because he's got a little bar in his teeth and with this he's jerking his head back and forth and this runs a brush back and forth over new stock coming in and knocks the dust off it. He's finished, we said, he *can't* do no more. He's doing all he can, and that's all a little red bull can do, boys. He's going like a blind dog in a meathouse, and it's REACH (right hand) REACH (left hand) KICK (right leg) KICK (left leg) PULL (teeth), REACH REACH KICK KICK PULL. He goes so fast you can't see him for steam. . . .

"He was true blue, that cornfield canary was, and a credit to the human race. The kind of a man that gets somewhere in this plant. He grins game as a fighting cock and chirps right out loud:

" 'Sure, if you want to stick a broom up behind, I think I could be sweeping the floor!' "

True Blue Highpockets from the forks of the crick, the human machine, is a monstrous and tragic caricature of Paul Bunyan and all the champions and supermen of legend who as the biggest, fastest, and bestest men on the job started pace-setting and the high-ball or speed-up system that takes the bread out of a man's mouth. "Paul Bunyan was all right in his time, but he didn't have the big shots of today to deal with. . . ." Or, as the coal miner said about the mining machine that had replaced his pick: "Only trouble is that a machine can pick coal faster than a man and when it ain't working it don't have to eat."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FANFARE FOR A PROCESSION OF HEROES

By TOM McGRATH

1.

1918. Tsaritsyn. The man in the leather coat
Stands at the CP window and the rain falls
Which is the rain of the counter-revolution, death, poverty,
The curse of the rich on the poor. The window opens
To the east; the battle; the future.
The old gang too look east where their time is dying.
The clock ticks, the machine gun ticks, seeding
The night with death; the night of the years with light.

'36. And the leather coat is lost
But the man stands in the steel towns, and south
The lynched sharecropper with the tornout tongue
Documents a cruel and wolfish time.
And over the romantic Spanish plain
The blood of the Elect, the International Brigades,
Falls on the red earth, on the poverty grass and the weeds,
On the eyes of the gentle sleepers, each in his trundle bed.

And the 40's open like a map of catastrophe,
A nightmare of islands and blood on all the beaches.
Mines, like tuna, leap in the fiery sea;
Shrapnel unbuds like the flowers in May.
In the Will of the old gang, sons and second sons
Hang on the wire, leap from the burning plane,
Die in foreign languages, go mad in exotic places
But not for Their cancerous heritage. The world is mine
in the morning.

2.

All the statues are bleeding in the park,
In the timeless summer evening. A human groundswell
Laps at their feet and retreats. The statues however
Are immune from our fevers; they do not notice.
And the professional murderer, and the lover and his lass
Go past the figure with the knife in its back,
Blood on the moon and on the children's shoes
And blood on our hands for what we didn't do.

These are the dead we murder every day,
A permanent lynching, in bronze, in a public place,
Old scarecrows from the garden of an earlier time
To bribe the ghosts of all who were betrayed.
Their waxwork voices place a formal curse
On the hypocrite penance that put them there—
Erections of conscience: but without issue—they
Bleed with calm fury on the soft summer air.

For heroes are the scapegoats of bourgeois society,
All children of Abraham, Iphigenias—
The god who bleeds Winter on the Autumn landscape,
Who dies to be reborn, a savior in the Spring.
But the conscience-money monuments which we erect
Memorialize only our refusal to be saved;
Projections of our guilt, our memory must erase
The name on the statue, our failure of will.

3.

Therefore we praise those who are not part of that tradition,
Lenin in October, yourself in the last strike,
Stalin at Tsaritsyn, Foster in the company towns;
But I would praise those mainly
Whose names are lost upon the violent air:
Fighters in ambiguous actions, leaders
Of anonymous patrols which somehow got off the map,
Are found in no index, lost in a fast shuffle.

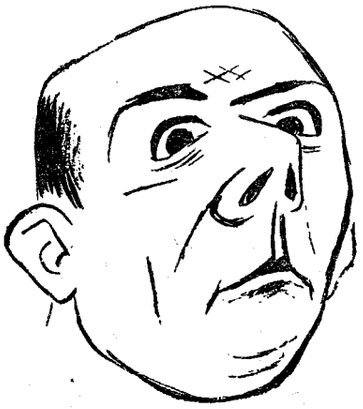
And principally for those like Warren Irwin
Lost forever in that cold northern sea;
For Bottcher, Forbes, Keidan and Cassidy,
And all comrades dead in this war or earlier
Under the olives and the iron in Spain.
And for those others, luckier than they,
My brother Joe swinging in his flaming 'chute,
Phil in the farmyard with the 88's;

For Merer and Marian, for Wallant and Bob,
For Jimmy, Alan, Ron, for Martin and Slim and Adams,
For Mac and all others, either dead or living,
Known or unknown:
Insurrectionists of the Future, no tomb can hold you,
The spirit's organizers—for what have you to share
With a slaughter house culture, the guilty conspiracy,
With statues bleeding privately in public squares?

For all these quiet and determined workers
With their pockets full of compasses instead of passports,
Through all the shooting and the lamentation
Bear the wounded statue towards the possible future;
Seeing beyond the war, depression, revolution,
The flowering stone, the bird in the mythic tree,
And the long planned wedding of the Hero and the People,
The willing bridegroom, the not impossible she.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NM's artist James B. Turnbull conducts a sidewalk interview on Wall Street



"Our firm is against it."

"Leave it to Gen. Groves."

"Why?"

THE ATOM: A CLOSE-UP

A billion atoms side by side would stretch an inch, but this smallest piece of matter overshadows the entire world today.

By PAUL MILLER

Like the problems of peace, atomic energy will be the center of controversy for a long time to come. If this battle is settled in the people's interest, we will only then enter into a long period of discussion and development of atomic energy; if, on the other hand, it is settled against the people's interest, there may well be no further opportunity for any discussion. It is to help inform and shape public opinion toward a positive outcome that this series of articles on atomic energy, based on available public documents, is primarily dedicated.

It will also be the purpose of this series:

1. To present readers with the minimum technical background so that they may better appreciate and understand the atomic process.

2. To present the history of these new developments; for historical perspective is an invaluable aid in getting a sense of flow, of movement in this sometimes too static-appearing world.

3. To discuss some of the potentialities of this new process, with particular emphasis on non-military applications.

4. To draw some conclusions from the role the atomic scientists are playing in the current battle.

5. To analyze the political aspects of the process both as a domestic problem and in its international meaning.

6. To develop the point that continuation of war-time secrecy becomes in peacetime a vicious and harmful practice which can only result in losing the very advantage we have gained—that of being in the vanguard of the development of atomic energy.

7. To discuss the philosophic implications of atomic energy in the light of dialectical materialism—in contrast with the unphilosophic approach of some current commentators; or, what is worse, the philosophic idealist approach of others.—The Editors.

IN DISCUSSING atomic energy one should begin at the beginning. But this is more easily said than done. I will have to make an arbitrary choice of what constitutes the beginning, because physical science, for all its revolutionary and unprecedented discoveries, also shows an inter-connectedness and continuity of development. My arbitrary and convenient starting point will be the discovery by Becquerel in 1896 of the radioactivity of uranium salts.

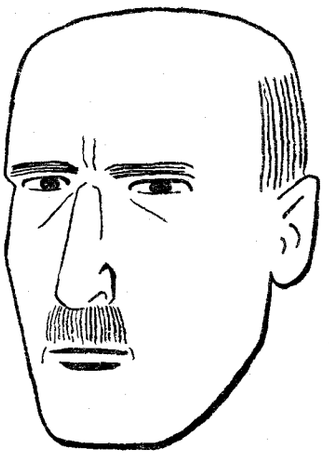
A little background will help at this point. The work of chemists and physicists and of their ancestors, the alchemists, all indicated that, while matter takes on numerous forms, with tens of thousands of different identifiable substances, the "basic" materials were ninety-two elements or forms of matter which could not (at that time) be broken down into more fundamental constituents. Until Becquerel, followed by others, established contrary evi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUESTION: Should the US share the atom bomb?

"Did you say New Masses?"

"Not with foreigners."



"Well, Arthur Krock says . . ."

dence, it had become an axiom in the physical sciences that the elements are permanent and unalterable forms of matter. But Becquerel found that uranium was not behaving that way at all. As a matter of fact it was spontaneously transforming itself into two other elements at a rate not alterable by any means available. Following this discovery several other radioactive substances were found, perhaps the best known being radium, which also transforms itself into two other elements, helium and radon, at a much faster rate than uranium. Radium and polonium were discovered by the famous team of Marie and Pierre Curie.

To the ordinary senses, matter—in any form—appears to be continuous, of one piece, in its structure. Put another way, there is no evidence from the unaided senses that paper, for example, cannot be divided into smaller and smaller pieces, always retaining certain typical properties of the whole, limited only by our tools to make tinier and tinier pieces of paper. However, evidence gained indirectly and through the use of instruments and through experiments indicates exactly the opposite. Incidentally, theory (the other very important leg on which science progresses) is entirely consistent with these latter conclusions. Matter is not divisible without limit. There is a smallest piece of any form of matter, be it paper, lead, bone or water. *This smallest piece of matter is called the atom.* Each of the ninety-two elements mentioned earlier has a corresponding atom. For any given element it was once believed that all atoms are identical in all respects. Today we know otherwise. We know that some elements have as many as ten kinds of atoms, differing in some respects from each other but having certain properties in common. Such forms of an element are called *isotopes* of that element.

By 1932 it was established that the atom—earlier believed to have been the end point of the sub-divisibility of matter—was itself divisible; that it had a structure of its own, and consisted of smaller parts. These sub-atomic particles, which are currently believed to be the fundamental materials out of which all atoms (and in turn all substances) are made, are three in number. They are called the *electron*, the *proton* and the *neutron*. The first two are electrical particles, with the electron of the negative type, and the proton of the "opposite" or positive kind. The amount of electricity in an electron is equal to that in a proton, so that one electron will neutralize one proton. There is another vital difference between the electron and the proton. The latter is about 2,000 times as heavy as (although smaller than) the former. The neutron is a neutral particle, and in weight is almost identical with the proton. These three types of particles constitute the material of which all atoms are made.

The atom also has design or structure. Thinking of it as a small sphere, in the center is a portion called the nucleus. It is about one ten-thousandth the diameter of the atom itself, and consists of protons and neutrons—the massive particles. Around this center and at a relatively large distance from it are one or more (depending upon the element in question) electrons, circulating about the nucleus much as a planet circulates around the sun. The whole structure is so small that it would take about a billion atoms side by side to stretch one inch. Since atoms are normally electrically neutral it follows that a given atom usually has as many protons (plus charged particles) in its nucleus as it has electrons (minus charged particles) circulating around its nucleus.

IT IS in the nucleus, the atom's inner kernel, that the processes occur which are responsible for radioactivity and for the very energetic transformations that can now be artificially induced and maintained. At the present time relatively little is known about the nucleus, but enough data is emerging to indicate that it is a new and different mode of existence of matter from that familiar to us. For example, the density of the nucleus is of an entirely different magnitude than was previously known (except for a certain type of star which astronomers had observed before atomic theory was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Unprintable)

really prepared to account for it). Among familiar materials platinum is one of the densest. Compared to water, taken as a standard, it is some twenty-one times as compact. A cubic foot of water weighs about sixty-two pounds, a cubic foot of platinum would weigh about 1,300 pounds; but a cubic foot of nuclei packed tightly together would weigh as many tons.

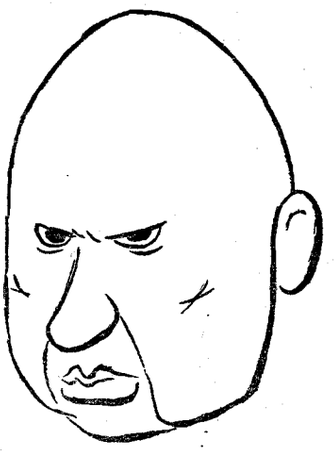
Considerations of this sort should prepare us for quite different behavior on the part of the nucleus and even for the discovery that the laws which ordinary bulk matter obeys do not account for and do not apply to the behavior of the nucleus. It followed that new and different attacks would have to be conceived to discover the properties of the nucleus. This is proving to be the case. Philosophically at least, the Marxist, with his dialectical materialist means of analysis, has an advantage in coping with these problems.

Returning for a moment to Becquerel, the atoms of uranium salts which he studied were ejecting, with relatively high speeds, portions of the nucleus, and in the process were changing into atoms of another element with some new and different properties. These ejected particles in large numbers are called rays, or emanations, and have been extremely valuable aids in the study of nuclei of other atoms. Thus the rays from radium, for example, can be directed at other atoms, and when a successful collision occurs, and the nucleus of the target atoms are penetrated, many interesting new changes are induced. In 1919 Lord Rutherford, who for many years was the leading nuclear physicist, succeeded in producing the following change: when ejected particles from radium were allowed to enter a chamber with the element nitrogen in it, whenever the moving particle hit a nitrogen nucleus (a matter of chance) it ejected in turn a proton from the nucleus, but was captured by that nucleus in the process. The result was that the original nitrogen nucleus now had the charge and mass associated with the oxygen nucleus. In other words Rutherford artificially transformed nitrogen into oxygen. Man had finally succeeded in imitating, and in a sense surpassing, nature. He could transform one element into another. It wasn't the sort of thing the alchemists dreamed about, but it was much more important.

Some years later Irene Curie and her husband Frederick Joliot performed in France an experiment in which they exposed aluminum to the natural rays from polonium. After the polonium was removed the aluminum behaved like a radioactive substance. It ejected a particle from its nucleus and changed into another element. This was artificial radioactivity, and represented another step forward in man's mastery of his environment.

Numerous nuclear transformations have since been accomplished. Frequently the energy of the ejected particle is greater than the energy of the ejecting particle: as though when one dropped a tennis ball from the level of one's hip it hit the floor and bounced back ten stories high. You can appreciate the interest and activity provoked by these nuclear experiments. To achieve an accurate appreciation of this phenomenon it must be understood that any given nuclear reaction was a matter of chance: that is, you couldn't be certain that the bullet particle would hit the target nucleus, you couldn't control the bullet or the target; in other words, successful bull's-eye hits were rare, and in an over-all sense, much more energy was used up than was gained from the process. It was not yet a practical source of energy, but it did hold out great promise.

Let us examine briefly the previous phenomenon in the light of the following principle: all our power-producing and power-transmitting machinery, like steam engines, gasoline engines, electric motors, gear trains, and so forth, deliver only as much power as they receive. The useful power emerging from any of these devices is always less than the power that is put into them—but taking into account all forms of power emerging, the total



"No!"

equals, but never exceeds, the input. Generalized, this property of machines is called the law of the conservation of energy. A companion law, based on numerous careful experiments, had been established to show that in chemical changes, like the combustion of gasoline, for example, all the end products of the process weigh exactly as much as all the entering materials. Mass could neither be created nor destroyed. This is the law of the conservation of mass.

In 1905, Einstein, as a by-product of a study of matter and motion—not even on the atomic scale, but rather on a gross scale—had announced a revolutionary principle. In essence he said mass and energy are equivalent and interchangeable at a certain definite rate of exchange, that minute amounts of mass are transformable into relatively enormous amounts of energy. He had the insight to suggest that corroboration of the principle would perhaps be found in the then recently discovered field of radioactivity. This proved to be exactly so. When careful determinations of mass were made in some of the nuclear transformations that man had learned to perform, it turned out that whenever the end power exceeded the input power, some mass had disappeared. Quantitatively the mass annihilated always accounted for the amount of energy created in accordance with the Einstein principle.

The advance from this point to the achievement of such transformations on a large, practical and controlled scale constitutes the history of nuclear developments in the last six years. To that period I will address myself in the next installment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I INVESTIGATE RANKIN

Our Washington editor cross-examines Ernie Adamson, the Un-American Committee's hatchet-man. First of a series of exposes.

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

WHEN Miss Helen Bryan, executive secretary of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, appeared before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, she was not allowed to make a statement. When Corliss Lamont, author of the recently published book, *The Peoples of the Soviet Union*, and chairman of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, was summoned before the committee, he likewise was refused his repeated request to make a statement.

Yet when Gerald L. K. Smith, termed by five progressive Congressmen "America's most raucous purveyer of anti-Semitism and of racial and religious bigotry," appeared before the committee, he was allowed to make a statement. In both his written statement and a long oral statement, interrupted occasionally by helpful questions put by Committee Counsel Ernie Adamson and Rep. John Rankin, Smith named organizations and individuals he wanted investigated.

This spectacle of America's No. 1 fuehrer advising a Congressional committee in an open hearing, while members sat about soberly attentive, may seem like a fabulous invention on the part of this reporter, but the hearings are now published and in the hands of all Congressmen.

Moreover, from a Republican member of the committee, Rep. Gerald W. Landis of Indiana, I learned that "we've got an investigator out now checking into Smith's charges."

At least one of the organizations Smith named, the Friends of Democracy, already has submitted its books to the committee, I learned from another member, Rep. J. W. Robinson, Utah Democrat. Although I questioned several members on whether any of the democratic organizations under attack had yielded to the committee's demand to look over its books, this was the only one any of them named.

Gerald Smith was not required to produce his books before he made a statement to the committee. He was only asked whether, if the committee sent in investigators, he would show his books. Oh, yes, he would be glad to cooperate. It was even daringly suggested by the committee counsel that he incorporate in the record the statement of receipts and disbursements Smith is required to make quarterly, under the Corrupt Practices Act, as treasurer of the America First Party, to the Clerk of the House. The statement does not appear in the published hearings.

I examined these curious documents filed by Smith later. Conceivably, if the committee were interested in unravelling his connection with known fascists, it might have dug into a few items in his 1945 report filed last January 14, which shows total receipts of $76,707.25, and expenditures of $73,762.35. The America First Party, for example, spent $728.90 on Earl Southard of Chicago for printed matter, listed in the January report, and, in the same, also for printed matter, $25 to Fred Kister, $100 to Carl Mote and $215 to Kenneth Goff. In the report for the quarter ended September 1 it listed $210 to E. Dilling of Chicago, again for printed matter, and $50 to Kister for printing and paper. Another "miscellaneous" expenditure of $200 went to Mote, the September report said.

Elizabeth Dilling was one of the twenty-nine defendants in the abortive sedition trial. Frederick Kister appeared before the grand jury but was not indicted. According to Henry Hoke in *It's A Secret*, "Frederick Kister was allowed to run loose so that he could be active in Chicago's 'nationalist' movement. Now he is busy organizing 'Christian veterans' for Gerald L. K. Smith." Kenneth Goff of Denver is a lieutenant of the Rev. Harvey Springer of Englewood, Colo., who publishes *Western Voice*, described by Hoke as part of the "vermin press" which printed the entire text of speeches made in defense of the seditionists by Congressmen such as Clare Hoffman of Michigan.

Earl Southard's activities in the Citizens USA Committee in 1944 were exposed in NEW MASSES in April of that year by John L. Spivak. Southard, Spivak said, was a close friend of Charles Lindbergh "and Chicago representative of Gerald L. K. Smith." Southard had participated in secret conferences with Lawrence Dennis, the "brains" of American fascism, one of the defendants in the sedition trial. Before the war he was one of the operators of the Citizens Keep-America-Out-of-War Committee.

But the Un-American Committee inquired into nothing of an embarrassing nature. No one asked Smith if he had got money from Henry Ford, as Spivak said he did. Someone did ask who Mote was, as Smith named him as one of the founders of his party. He merely replied he was an Indiana businessman. Yet Mote, public utilities magnate, is one of the country's leading anti-Semites. No question was put as to his boasted connection with former Sen. Robert Rice Reynolds of the American Nationalist party, who recently employed the indicted seditionist, Joe McWilliams. And, of course, nothing about his connection with Representative Rankin, with whom he recently conferred in Washington, according to Hoke's book.

ERNIE ADAMSON, for some reason, appeared to be touchy about the Smith hearing when I interviewed him. Ernie is usually jovial with newspaper people, with a certain wistfulness behind his joviality, for despite all his cooperativeness and his air of being a good fellow with reporters, he does not enjoy the press that former Rep. Martin Dies achieved. Once he confided in me that he would have liked to be a newspaperman. But if this frustrated longing is in part assuaged by his present job, you would not know it from the apparently harassed Ernie I saw on my latest trip to his nook in the top floor of the Old House Office Building. Previously, Ernie had told me, in the manner of one would-be newspaperman to a fellow craftsman, that he didn't take his present

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

job seriously—he would go crazy if he did.

Of course, it was at the end of a hard day—but one which I have no reason to believe was not a pleasant one. He had been interrogating Louis Budenz, the renegade from the Communist Party who now is ensconced in a cushy berth in Notre Dame University.

No sooner had I touched on the fact that Gerald L. K. Smith was allowed to read his statement or whatever he wanted to read of it to the committee, than he fixed me with an indignant stare from his watery blue eyes. "He read what he wanted to—*after* I completed my investigation," he said.

"Oh, did you investigate him?" I asked. "Because some members of the committee who appeared to be apologists for the Smith hearing said it wasn't intended the committee would investigate him then. He was just called because some Congressmen had demanded it, I was told. But of course Smith says he appeared at his own suggestion."

"I met Gerald Smith that day for the first time, and the last time," he spluttered. "Then that means that you are through with him?" I queried.

At this Mr. Adamson appeared to lose all his aplomb. He lectured me. I gathered that he did not like NEW MASSES. He spoke feelingly of "insinuations." "I would think you'd have enough professional pride to want your stories to be accurate," he said. I asked him if he had any complaints about anything I had written. No, he said, in a pout, he didn't read what I wrote. Anyway, I had leapt to the conclusion he was through with his investigation of Mr. Smith, and that wasn't so, he said.

"Mr. Smith appeared in response to a very curt letter I wrote him," he said.

In the hearing Rep. John R. Murdock, the Arizona Democrat, had asked how Smith happened to be there, and just what was meant by the phrase, "by summons." Smith replied with a long statement which was in part:

"Mr. Chairman, through the years Congressman Celler, Congressman Sabath, Congressman Marcantonio, and other left-wing Congressmen have risen on the floor and brought into question my patriotism, and branded me as a fascist. . . . Some time ago I petitioned the committee—or rather suggested to the committee—I did not petition, I suggested to the committee that there was no question or accusation that these men could raise that I could not meet, and that I would be only too glad to submit myself to a merciless cross-examination concerning my whole activities and my ideology. Sometime after that—I don't know whether your invitation to appear, or your request, I should say, to appear was because of that letter, or just in the regular course. . . ."

When I alluded to this, Adamson said, "He tried to imply he wanted to come. How would I know he wanted to?"

As a matter of fact, these Congressmen and a few others were invited to the Smith hearing, but Rep. Ellis Patterson submitted a written statement in behalf of Representatives Celler, De Lacy, Marcantonio, Savage and himself declaring they would be delighted to take over the investigation if the committee was "unable or unwilling to." But they asked a few questions. Would they have access to committee records? Would its staff be available? Would the committee compel the witness to answer questions and produce records, and call other witnesses who could "ruthlessly expose all those in high or low places" who supported Smith? So the hearing proceeded without them.

"Your questions to Smith," I asked then, "as to how these organizations he had named, which he called 'Jewish gestapo organizations'—those combatting anti-Semitism—your questions as to how they raised their money, were these put to Smith as an authority, or just what?"

Adamson replied by saying with heavy sarcasm that he thought I had read the transcript. If I had, he said coldly, I would have realized he was asking what the difference was between the way they raised money and the way Smith's organization raised money. This curious Adamson subtlety escaped me and I said as much.

"Several people, including one Jewish lawyer," he added with an injured air, "have taken the trouble to compliment me on the way I questioned Mr. Smith." He said Smith was "very fair and straightforward" in offering to let them see his books.

"Do you consider Smith a fascist?" he was asked. Adamson grew deliberate. Always hot on the scent of something un-American in a progressive, it's different when it comes to Smith. "I haven't gone deep enough yet to reach a conclusion—I don't intend to express my opinion until I have completed my investigation," he said with fine objectivity.

"I believe you have been charged publicly with being anti-Semitic?" I asked.

"That's a damned lie," he said. But had he been charged? Finally he admitted knowing that he had been so charged. Then in a brief revival of his chummy manner with reporters, "You've been around here long enough to know better, and to be able to tell anyone who asks you," he said, with his wavering smile.

"Why?" I asked. "I don't know whether you're anti-Semitic or not, that's why I'm asking you." This seemed to annoy Adamson considerably. He decided he must get out some letters.

One illustration of the Rankin committee's anti-Semitism was the experience of Prof. Clyde Miller of Columbia University. Professor Miller appeared before Adamson and Chester J. Nicklas, at that time the committee's chief investigator. In the course of the conference Nicklas said—without any objection on Adamson's part: "You should tell your Jewish friends that the Jews in Germany stuck their necks out too far and Hitler took good care of them, and that the same thing will happen here unless they watch their steps."

IN A letter to the inconspicuous chairman of the committee, John S. Wood of Georgia, the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship singles out Rankin for special attention. (Wood is said to have been picked by the former House majority whip, Robert S. Ramspeck, now vice president of American Airlines, for his mild and shadow-like quality, in order not to offend Representative Rankin, whose own candidate for chairman was John S. Gibson of Georgia.)

The Council letter, signed by Corliss Lamont, Chairman, and Richard Morford, executive director, was sent because the committee refused to let Mr. Lamont make a statement in his hearing last February. At other hearings since, also closed, he again was denied the right, which, as the March letter says, itself was a violation of democratic procedures. The committee's demand for "practically all our records," the letter states, is a violation of the Fourth Amendment protecting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against "unreasonable searches and seizures," and forms "an illegitimate attempt to hamstring our work." Then comes this pungent paragraph:

"Your committee, then, represents a modern Inquisition that has as its object the destruction of the constitutional rights of American citizens, who as taxpayers are forced to finance your evil work. Your Chief Counsel, Ernie Adamson, is on record as being opposed to democracy in the United States and as favoring the investigation of workers for democracy as 'un-American.'" To Rankin the letter pays the following tribute: "The dominant member of this House Committee, Congressman Rankin of Mississippi, is an open proponent of the most virulent racial prejudice in regard to Negroes, Jews and other American minorities. In all of American life there is nothing more truly 'un-American,' or more fascist in spirit, than the House Committee on Un-American Activities."

The committee was turned down in its initial efforts to have cited all seventeen board members of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. But it was successful in getting a resolution through, with only four "No" votes cast, citing Dr. Edward Barsky, chairman, for contempt. The Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, which has as its only function the providing of relief to Spanish Republican refugees in France, Mexico and elsewhere, has stated, like the National Council, that it has nothing to hide, but that as a matter of principle it is not going to turn over its entire financial records, including the names of contributors, to a body which has no jurisdiction over such matters. And in the statement Helen Bryan, the committee's executive secretary, did not get to make, she would have pointed out that the United Press reported last November that the Un-American Committee was asked by the American Veterans Committee to conduct an investigation of seven veterans' organizations described by Rep. Andrew Biemiller of Wisconsin as "native fascist organizations." A spokesman for the committee, according to the dispatch, said no such investigation was being made and that they only considered requests for investigations when they were accompanied by "documentary evidence."

Yet last December 1 Adamson asked the President's War Relief Control Board to revoke the JAFRC's license. Did he have documentary evidence? It wouldn't appear so from the letter he wrote JAFRC on December 8. "In the interest of saving time, I suggest that you permit one of our investigators to make a preliminary investigation of your organization to determine whether or not this committee is interested in your organization."

Congress couldn't go along—yet—with Rankin in citing the whole board of JAFRC for contempt, particularly when none had been subpoenaed. But the Rankin committee is taking care of that. As I was cooling my heels waiting for Adamson I saw the office in a dither of activity writing the US Marshal's office in New York numerous letters with subpoenas to be inclosed. According to members, they will decide what to do about the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship and other organizations later—including the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties. Among those which have received Adamson's intimidating letters are the Veterans Against Discrimination and the National Committee to Combat Anti-Semitism, attacked because it circulated a petition asking Congress to pass a resolution condemning anti-Semitism.

OUT FROM THE NATION
Dixie Ways Rule Memphis—
Skilled Jobs For White Only
50 Farmers Prefer Jail
Officer Tells Southerners
Race Bias Not Tolerated

"Headlines," ink and gouache drawing by Charles White. An example of the art work being submitted to New Masses for the Detroit Art Exhibit which NM is sponsoring together with the National Negro Congress. This exhibit, a "Tribute to the Negro People," is being held the week of May 30 in Detroit as an answer to the racial antagonism promulgated by American Firsters there. For details, see page 24.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREAT WRITER IN BONDAGE

The tragedy of Francois Mauriac, "chained to a world he has never ceased to despise and which he passionately defends."

By ROGER GARAUDY

I WOULD like to be fair to Francois Mauriac, for he taught me revolt. Not revolution, just revolt—for he was able, at times, to say: "No!" But I have had to look beyond him and against him for affirmation, for adherence to a cause and joy in adherence.

No matter! His refusals had greatness and I must really thank him for them, for he won them with difficulty. His first experience was that of acceptance and dependence. "As for myself," he writes in *Dieu et Mammon* (God and Mammon), "I belong to the race of those who, born in Catholicism, realized as soon as they reached adulthood that they could never escape it, that it was not given them to leave it or return to it. They were in it, they remain in it, they will remain in it for ever. . . . I was born a Catholic; I did not choose. That religion was imposed on me from birth."

One is reminded of Maurice Barres in his "scenes and doctrines of nationalism." Yet Barres spoke of another God: "I have never had any other ideas save those in which I have been immersed since birth. . . . There is not even freedom to think. I can only live according to my dead. . . . I have been horrified at my dependence, at my inability to create."

Alluding to Barres in a study of Mauriac, I do not know if I begin at the beginning or at the end; for Barres was his first teacher and it was to him that Mauriac, in 1945, dedicated his last book: *La Rencontre avec Barres* (Meeting with Barres). "To the young people of my generation," he writes, "Barres offered a theory." And discussing his life as a student, Mauriac reveals in a few words all the secrets of his intellectual development: "Thanks to a modest income, I was financially independent. . . . Barres was my best teacher. My religious education had made me well disposed to listen to his teachings."

Mauriac's great merit is that he has been more sincerely a man of Gironde than Barres was a man of Lorraine. No one has described with more power the landlord gentry of the Landes region or the merchants of Bordeaux. He is not, like Balzac, the chronicler of French society in its entirety, but only of a clan. But he has described this clan admirably. *Preseances* (Precedences) depicted the rich merchants only from the outside, from the point of view of vanity; *Noeud de Viperes* (Vipers' Tangle) reveals them from within, from the point of view of greed. He lays bare the motives of a class in which, according to Balzac, "the hundred-sou piece is embedded in every conscience and clinks in every sentence." With *Vipers' Tangle* Mauriac reaches heights of great realism. He tears away all masks: those of the bourgeois family, those of property and those of the "right-minded." Never since Balzac's *Cousin Pons* have the jealousies, covetousness and hatreds of a "family drama" revolving around a fortune been illuminated with so sharp a light. The novelist must have had a profound and lucid hatred of his environment to teach us to hate it so strongly.

The first limitation of Mauriac is this narrowness in his field of human experience. Unlike Balzac, he is incapable of embracing a world. As soon as one of his characters leaves the Gironde region, and especially the upper bourgeoisie of the Gironde, he becomes nothing but a pale and shadowy phantom. As Mauriac himself acknowledges: "No drama can begin to live in my mind if I do not locate it in the places where I have always lived." And the results of this limitation, as we shall see, go beyond the artistic.

Moreover, Mauriac has built his system on this basis. In his *Romancier et Ses Personnages* (The Novelist and His Characters), he asserts: "Why condemn oneself to describe an environment one does not know well? The truth of the matter is that it is not very important whether one introduces a duchess, a woman of the bourgeoisie, or a charwoman: the essential point is to achieve human truth. . . . The truth that we must achieve is like a subterranean flow which rises to the surface of the life of a society woman as well as that of a woman beset by poverty. Every one of us digs at the spot where he is, where he has lived."

Mauriac is the greatest painter of this bourgeoisie of the Gironde. He paints it with passion, with the passion of hate, and without ever relinquishing this bourgeoisie, this passion and this hatred.

Furthermore, he is convinced that there exists an "eternal" man, and that it is enough to scratch the superficial surface of a social class or a historic period to find an immutable core of humanity: "Beyond the distortions which our poor daily tasks impose on all of us, the wise and the ignorant, on workers and writers, on society ladies and workingwomen and women of every stripe, this being vibrates, *always the same at every epoch.* It suffers, renounces, is jealous, murders, or sacrifices itself." (*Diary*, Book II, page 119, French edition.)

THIS classic myth of the eternal man confirms him in his unconscious dependence on his own clan: his view of the world, so narrowly conditioned by his education in Catholic schools and by his bourgeois environment, seems to him an "eternal" necessity. "As soon as I sit down to work, everything is colored according to my eternal colors."

Such as it is, his description of the big merchants of Bordeaux and the landed proprietors of the Landes region is great and powerful. And this too must be said: this realism is always revolutionary since it taught some of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us the road to Communism. As Balzac said: "It is not the author's fault if things speak by themselves and speak so loudly."

Mauriac's misfortune is that he has never moved out of his class. When he judges it and detests it, he is still looking "from the inside." And the bourgeoisie does not go beyond this "inside." It gives birth to its own gravediggers but does not carry them within itself. From the inside, the most that one can feel is "disgust"—and therein lies the tragedy of Mauriac.

He exists in a world which he can only despise. And he remains chained to that world. His two greatest and most cherished characters belong body and soul to that world. Therese Desqueyroux has property in her blood: she marries Bernard for his two-thousand hectares of pine-forest in the Landes country; and the hero of *Vipers' Tangle* is a spiritual son of Balzac's Grandet and a grandson of Moliere's Harpagon.

But Mauriac has put the best of himself in these two heroes: they too are immersed in a world which they hate. They are Mauriac's allegory. By poisoning Bernard, Therese would like to murder "her milieu, her climate"—the one to which Mauriac belongs and would like to destroy. The old man in *Vipers' Tangle* finally tears himself away from his greed only in the illuminating final ten pages of the novel. He dies a little too soon to recite the Lord's Prayer or to redeem his life with a sign of the Cross and a drop of holy water like Daniel Trassis, the Don Juan in *Fleuve de Feu* (River of Fire).

Mauriac is very honest in giving us the key to his two favorite characters: "The hero of *Vipers' Tangle* and the murderess, Therese Desqueyroux, as horrible as they may appear, are without the one thing in the world which I hate and which I find it hard to endure in a human being: complacency and smugness. They are not satisfied with themselves; they know their own wretchedness." (*The Novelist and his Characters.*)

His men and women avid for profit always end by making some slight gesture of denial with their stubborn faces. Then Mauriac's novel stops: he has found one of God's creatures beneath the Pharisee girded with selfishness and wealth. This individual is no longer a criminal, but a sinner. He is aware of his abjectness. He is a human "person."

Mauriac's theology does not go much further than that. "At the age when the blood awakens," he confesses in *God and Mammon*, "everything crystallizes around notions of purity, sin and the state of grace." Since then the creative artist has grown; his vision, sharpened by rancor and hate, has penetrated further and more deeply. But his metaphysics remains that of a choir-boy.

In truth, this reproach will scarcely affect him. For in that field he has no pretensions as a philosopher; he is an artist. "Thanks to a certain gift for atmosphere," he tells us in his *Diary*, "I try to make the Catholic universe of evil perceptible, palpable, and tangible. This sinner, of whom the theologians give us an abstract idea, is embodied in myself."

IN ALL this, I am not attempting to detract from Mauriac's worth. By the impact of the characters he has created, he has defied his models: he has had the willpower not to leave them intact. I do not know if any of "his kind" have taken his accusations to heart. But for some of us who are not "his," he has been the "awakener of sleeping souls"—and we thank him for it.

Nor do we thank him only because he has denounced the Pharisees of his race simply by drawing their portrait. We thank him too because he was able to say "No!" to their most characteristic acts: we thank him for saying "No!" to the bloody butchers of Badajoz and the murderers of Guernica. He protested more against the sacrilege than the inhumanity. What of it? By protesting against the insult to God, he protested against the violence unleashed against the Spanish people—and that was one way to be on the side of man.

E. Miller

And as at Bilbao, again he was able to say "No!" to the Nazis in Paris. On that occasion we thought that he was going to take the decisive step and leap over his class barrier. Beyond his horizon, he saw the mounting light; and he then asserted: "Only working-class France, in the main, remained faithful to desecrated France."

But it was not enough to understand: he had to choose. It would have been necessary to say "yes" to too many things he did not know, to too many men he feared. And so he withdrew into his shell, a stifling and ignoble shell, but "his."

Chained to this world he has never ceased to despise and which he passionately defends, Mauriac is doomed to despair. It is true that if the world were limited to that bourgeois clan by which Mauriac's social experience is delimited, we ought really to despair of man and his future. Knowing only the bourgeois philistinism of man and believing that he sees in it the eternal man with his no less eternal "sin," he has conjured up the most frightful contempt for the people. Hence his respect for the most outmoded conceptions of the elite and the leader, his aversion to democracy, his fear of the masses, his sneers at "the man of the masses," his sneers at "the new man," his hatred for parties or countries in which men have fundamentally changed. This new and mocking Ecclesiastes, with his despair and contempt for man, gives us an amazing example of the dependence of a writer on his environment. That is what a class and a social order have been able to do with one of our finest creative artists. In the magnificence of his freedom as a writer, he has depicted more powerfully than any other a sordid world to which he completely belongs. He has been able to communicate to us his passion and his indignation, and to teach us to say no, once and for all. And then, unable to discern the new man who is coming to birth, he remains captive of the world he has never been able to leave. When a new world rose up before him, he drew back, he withdrew into the shelter he had so often cursed, and fearfully took refuge there. Today he has nothing but the poor reflexes of his class.

The giant novelist has never been able to kill Therese Desqueyroux, but the political dwarf has let her die or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBSCRIBE TODAY TO—

POLITICAL AFFAIRS

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Theory and Practice of Marxism-Leninism

•

CONTENTS FOR APRIL

Defeat the Anglo-American Imperialist War Drive! Restore Big Three Unity to Preserve World Peace! *Statement of the National Secretariat, Communist Party, U.S.A.*
The Imperialist Threat to Peace *Editorial*
On Churchill's Call for an Anti-Soviet War Alliance *Joseph Stalin*
The Vatican's War on Peace *V. J. Jerome*
The Iranian Situation *"Izvestia"*
The New Postwar Tasks of the U.S.S.R. *V. M. Molotov*
On the Expulsion of Browder *William Z. Foster*
Party Tasks Among the Negro People *Henry Winston*
Lessons of the Congressional By-Election in New York *George Blake Charney*
The Strategy of the Packinghouse Workers' Strike *James Keller*
Book Review—A Powerful Searchlight on the Imperialist Warmakers *Fred Blair*

•

SUBSCRIBE THROUGH YOUR CLUB OR LOCAL BOOKSHOP

•

NEW CENTURY PUBLISHERS
832 Broadway New York 3, N. Y.

Detroit Art Exhibit

A TRIBUTE TO THE NEGRO PEOPLE

by Negro and white artists of America, sponsored by NEW MASSES and the NATIONAL NEGRO CONGRESS.

MAY 30 to JUNE 6, 1946

An Exhibit of Paintings and Sculpture by American Negro artists

a graphic exhibit by Negro and white artists expressing inter-racial unity.

Co-Chairmen:

JOHN SLOAN—internationally famed artist.

DR. W. E. B. DU BOIS—prominent historian.

C. LE BRUN SIMMONS—well-known Negro attorney of Detroit.

Calling all artists and other citizens to extend full cooperation and support to this exhibition—the first major cultural step in an attempt to break down nationwide discrimination against Negro artists in one of the country's key cities.

PLEASE WRITE FOR ENTRY CARD and INFORMATION BROCHURE to NEW MASSES.

forgotten her. His revolt is quite dead. Every day the fearless author of *Vipers' Tangle* fades a little more behind the outraged and trembling editorial writer of the newspaper *Figaro*.

In *God and Mammon*, laying proud claim to his responsibility as a writer, he defined his profession: "Thus I continued to work within Catholicism, an object of suspicion, if not of contempt and disapproval, for my brothers." Now everything has returned to normal: Mauriac has again found "his" kind. He is no longer a target of the scandal or anger. He shares their opinion on communism, democracy, or the Soviet Union. The philanthropic old ladies are willing to shut their eyes on his past, which to us constitutes his greatness. They are charitable enough to forgive "all." Finally he has become "*the* Catholic writer," occupying the position that Henry Bordeaux once held.

Every morning the Maucoudinat and Desqueyroux families wax ecstatic as they read his article in *Figaro*: they thank God for having made the prodigal son return to the fold. Mauriac has only had to slip down the inclined plane: at the very bottom he has rejoined his class.

Translated by John Rossi.

Stepson

BLUE BOY, *by Jean Giono. Viking. $2.75.*

THIS novel was published in France in 1932, and its reappearance without changes, with echoes of the thunder of the war still charging the air, is proof enough that Giono retains the philosophy which made it possible for him to support Munich and Hitler.

Blue Boy is the story of a rural community nestling in the Provencal hills at the Italian frontier. The men, women and events which make up this loosely strung book are seen through the eyes of a child. This child is the author, the only son of a shoemaker, a sort of Christ-like figure who patches the shoes and the lives of his neighbors.

The colorless, rather pampered, shoemaker's son is nothing but a device. Crawl into the skin of a child and you free yourself from all responsibility for thought and action. You become an exposed nerve which reacts violently, uncontrollably to the slightest touch, sound, color, breath of wind. The senses which should be clear to understand the world and thus act upon it are flung wildly open for everything and anything; and at these cluttered gates rioting is always taking place. Caught in them, men and women and children are hurried, battered, distorted. As around the gates of the old walled towns, pariahs, beggars, freaks, fools in Christ often hung out, so almost every one of the characters Giono touches falls out of his embraces, crippled in mind and body, a queer. You remember many of them because Giono in his perverse way seems to have a feeling for them and for nature; he is a man of gifts and a master of imagery, but the imagery often bears no relation to the thing or person described. It is stuck on like a cupping glass. When the glass is wrenched off it is full of blood and pus. And you ask yourself are these the men and women, the sturdy peasantry, on whose broad backs so much of the glory of France rests?

Giono's reactionary philosophy cannot be separated from his literary excesses. A mystic, he believes, to quote one of his characters, that "we are only halves. From the times we began to build houses and cities, since we invented the wheel, we have not advanced one step toward happiness. We have always been in halves." This explains his escape to nature, his plunging head first into mystical sensualism, his distorted images and people, the fact that his story explodes like a fragmentation bomb.

Further along in *Blue Boy* Giono says: "There is no glory in being French. There is only one glory: in being alive."

I think of the masses who were the engineers of the French Revolution, the fighters of the Paris Commune, the peasants and workers in the Resistance movement. I remember Villon and Rabelais and Voltaire, Hugo and Zola and Rolland, Duclos and Aragon. Before me lies a brochure, "The Elements of French Economic Life." What love of country pulses in every word of this article, edited by the Education Committee of the great French Communist Party! Nathaniel Hawthorne once said that it is possible for a man to lose his soul in the furrow. Giono has lost his soul in the furrow in which the French have found theirs.

"There is no glory in being French. There is only one glory: in being alive." Tell that to the heroic dead, Giono. For, by God, you lie!

BEN FIELD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sights and sounds

"NEW REALISM" OR OLD HAT?

Is abstract art the language of a bright new world or an academic rehash of a declining style?

By WILLIAM THOR BURGER

THE tenth annual show of the American Abstract Artists at the American-British Art Center closed April 13. Thirty-nine non-objective artists, distinguished by their orthodoxy and tenacity, had put on exhibit a more than fair showing of the abstract style as it is practiced in America today. Although Stuart Davis and Calder were absent, the roster held such familiar names as A. E. Gallatin, G. L. K. Morris, Ben Nicholson, Ad Reinhardt, Ilya Bolotowsky, Perle Fine, Rice Pereira, Carl Holty and others familiar to gallery-goers. Such international figures as L. Moholy-Nagy and Fernand Leger were represented. Above all hovers the august spirit of Piet Mondrian.

To put it bluntly, the works exhibited were very pretty but not world-shaking. The art that froze the marrow in the bones of New York critics in 1913, that seemed insanely revolutionary in the Paris of 1907, today looks almost as tame as a National Academy show. How has it come about that a once modern art now seems nearly as old-fashioned as the Gibson Girl, the Model T, or a Bull Moose progressive?

The battle for abstract art was fought and won a quarter-century ago. A style born in a few Paris studios in 1907 has affected the whole world. It produced major works as great as those of the Renaissance. It had enormous effect on transforming the urban scene, dwelling and factories, from Leningrad and Tokyo to Chicago. Merging with the functional thinking of industrial designers and architects, it has led to a lasting improvement in the design of objects in daily use, from chairs to refrigerators. It has changed the clothes, books, magazines and publicity of half the world. The conception of beauty of generations has been molded and changed, so that we now take for granted our admiration of bright colors, clean lines, simple geometrical shapes, and the abstract beauties of form and color. It is hard for us to remember how few of these things our grandparents could admire in their overladen houses.

In fact, the high style of 1909-1919 is used in the buckeye of today. Cubism has taken over the ads of Ohrbachs on Fourteenth street. Abstract design reigns in the five-and-dime stores, in shop fronts and bathrooms. The World's Fairs were deeply influenced by the abstract style, and so was *Yank*, the Army magazine printed for 9,000,000 GI's. Three museums in New York are dedicated to non-objective art, and the fourth is a-building. Edwin Alden Jewell in the New York *Times* has finally conceded that a painting can be both abstract and art. Yielding to the current, many young painters have moved toward the abstract.

IN REGARD to the show of the American Abstract Artists this raises two problems. First, why is it that a style which once produced masterpieces of great daring and originality is now capable only of endless, though charming, repetition? Second, why is it that abstract artists still speak of themselves as a struggling, revolutionary movement, when they have had as diffused an influence as any previous style, and when half a dozen newer styles have come, created masterpieces, and spread their influence in turn?

Examine the history of abstract art in America. Cubist painting, imported from Europe, burst on a surprised New York at the Armory Show in 1913. Despite the storm of academic criticism it aroused, the style took hold and spread from Stieglitz' 290 Gallery. During the First World War, when Duchamp-Villon, Picabia and Gleize came from Paris to New York, abstract art was a new, exciting and stimulating force, which attracted the best American painters of that generation.

In terms of craft, abstract art was a radical step for 1907. In France it came at the end of a long and orderly line of development, but in America the preceding steps were skipped and Picasso appeared at the same moment as Cezanne. Cubism seemed even more revolutionary than it was. As against academic brushwork, or the cloying sweetness of the impressionists in decline, the Cubists had, in their day, a harsh and fundamental style.

Dealing with root problems of composition, expanding the techniques available to the artist, and searching for a style to match the start of the twentieth century, the Cubists of 1909-1919 were artistically progressive. But by 1920 newer art forms had appeared in Europe. Dada and Surrealism attracted the youngest artists, while Cubism became an academic art pushed to its logical extremes by the Dutch *Stijl*, French *Purism*, and the German *Bauhaus*. By 1924 the great original masters of abstract art, feeling it was exhausted, had deserted it, although the minor masters continued. Duchamp-Villon, after Picasso their most original mind, wrote in 1924: "From nature one can go equally to abstraction or naturalism. Abstraction bores me." Picasso himself turned classicist at first, and then began to explore the road to surrealism. In America the regional painters, the social scene painters, and later the social realists deserted abstract art for their newer and more interesting movements. Like many another once progressive idea the abstract esthetic had been moved from its place in the vanguard of human progress.

Why, then, do its followers still think of it as revolutionary and continue to paint in a style as dated as Impressionism, as historical as the *style nouveau*? This is possible because to some degree the aura of radicalism still

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RE-OPEN MAY 15th
ALL FOR YOU!
Have fun, rest luxuriously, at this wonderful mountain hideaway. Yours: Tennis, Handball, Badminton, Table Tennis, Lake, exhilarating Hiking—Open-Hearth Fires, Musicales, Informal Entertainment. Good eating, genial company, regular or DeLuxe accommodations. Enjoy a country holiday at modest pre-season rates.
MAKE RESERVATIONS NOW FOR DECORATION DAY WEEK-END
Gala entertainment. Special menus. Notify us promptly, enclosing deposit.
WOODBOURNE, N.Y. Tel. WOODBOURNE 1150
CHESTERS
DELIGHTFUL HIDEAWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

"For a Capitol Vacation"
HOTEL CAPITOL
LIVINGSTON MANOR, N. Y.
Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Tennis & Handball Courts. All Sports. Modern Accommodations, Dietary Laws. Booklet.
MAY RATE, $32 wk.; JUNE $32 to $36
DECORATION DAY WEEKEND SPEC.
4 Days $22 ($6 by the day)
Write for Reasonable Season Rates

50 miles from New York
Mamanasco
LAKE LODGE
to spend the first days of
ordings. Fine Library. Open
genial Atmosphere, Famous
te or phone, Ridgefield 820
FIELD, CONN.

SCHROON Crest
IN THE ADIRONDACKS
POTTERSVILLE, N. Y.
OPENS MAY 29. Special Rates Until July 7
Private Beach—All Sports—Recordings.
Excellent Cuisine. Make Reservations Early.
N. Y. City Off.: 142 Montague St., Brooklyn 2, N. Y. — MAin 4-8570
AN ADULT RESORT—ON SCHROON LAKE

SPRING IS IN THE AIR
Camp BEACON
BEACON, NEW YORK
Tel. Beacon 731
$38.00 weekly — $7.00 daily
PASSOVER HOLIDAY
$45.00 weekly—$9.00 daily
From April 12th (supper) to April 23rd (dinner)
Planned programs daily
We suggest early reservations
City Office:
1 Union Sq., Room 810. GR. 7-5089
Bronx Office: OLinville 5-7828

undeservedly clings to non-objective painting for specific historical reasons, and in part because of the idealist esthetics of abstractionists which lead them to believe they are producing something of eternal value according to basic laws of the universe. Let us examine these ideas separately.

For a while a certain confusion existed about the political implications of abstract style. Because non-objective art was craft revolutionary, and connected to science, machinery and utopias, many believed that it was a style appropriate for social revolutionaries. In revolutionary Russia, Tatlin and the Constructivists received official support. The Russian workers, however, would have none of them, and in a few years the abstract style was of influence only in industrial arts and architecture. In point of fact the Cubists, as art for art's sake studio painters, showed only slight concern for the social order, although when they did think along such lines they were ameliorist, and vaguely utopian.

Greenwich Village in the 1920's was similarly confused. Naive radicals mixed Cubism, Nudism, Vegetarianism, Freudianism, Marxism, and anti-prohibitionism, on the childish assumption that all were somehow facets of the same revolution. They ignored the complexity of time lags, cross currents, local conflicts, and back-eddies in the stream of culture, and they failed to examine the class basis of their ideas.

The great depression sobered the Village up, but Hitler gave the revolutionary myth of abstract art an undeserved rebirth. Lumping it with the social art of George Grosz and Kathe Kollwitz, he called it all Jewish, plutocratic, decadent and Bolshevik. Some of this is a claim to distinction which non-objective art does not merit.

It is true that the *Bauhaus* was identified with Social Democracy and solved for the Weimar Republic such functional problems as determining the minimum amount of space a worker could occupy in a housing project. But south of the Alps the Fascists never quarrelled with modern art. Indeed Marinetti and the Futurists were for a while the esthetic face of Fascism. Because the Nazis were against non-objective art it does not follow that non-objective art was against the Nazis, except in the specific context of the Third Reich.

The class position of abstract artists in their own eyes is anti-bourgeois, but also contemptuous of the masses. It represents Bohemia against the Philistines, like so many other movements since 1924, and conceives of itself as founded on the prophetic artist genius, strayed into this ugly age from the golden past or future.

Although it is not possible to join Hitler, or Thomas Craven, in calling non-objective art degenerate, it is equally difficult to think of it as revolutionary. Apart from the great masterpieces long since produced, its further production is merely tedious. This tediousness is not a matter of theoretical position but of fact. The most striking feature of the Abstract show was the total lack of originality of the paintings, one after another of which were pastiches of Picasso, Miro, Bracque and Kandinsky. Mondrian, of course, repeats himself. The imitation of great originals is not a method of producing interesting art. Such unoriginality in the work of contemporary abstract artists results not only from their position as followers, but also from their esthetic theory of eternal values.

THE main arguments for abstract art were proposed between 1912 and 1924. Since these are the same arguments which still mislead American abstractionists, and which they in turn still use, they are worth reviewing. Abstract art was authoritatively claimed to possess truth, beauty, harmony, reality, relativity, two-dimensionality, four-dimensionality, God's universal order, pure pleasure principles, and the shocking intensity of modern times. Abstract art was said to be more naturalistic than Courbet, more classic than Ingres, more abstract than Islamic tiles, and more emotive than Delacroix. It was, on the one hand, designed for the most rare and fastidious tastes, and on the other, it was dubbed the first truly popular art of the machine age. For some it was as free of emotion as a blueprint; for others it produced an orgiastic titillation of an emotion called "the esthetic," hitherto undiscovered by psychologists.

Throughout this gaudy potpourri of rationalization there is the consistent attempt to connect abstract art with some eternal form of truth. On the one hand, theorizers went to science, and on the other, they claimed to have rediscovered the eternal laws of beauty of the ancient Egyptians. Gleize, for example, wrote that everyone shuts up and listens when a scientist speaks, but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Not a bit like life, my dear."

that no one respects an artist. Then, with a straight face, Gleize connected abstract art with Einstein's relativity and Riemann's non-Euclidean geometry, and immediately thereafter discussed the *section d'or*, the secret of the eternal beauty of Greek art, the key to immutable laws of pictorial composition.

The reasoning of contemporary abstract artists has in no way changed, as may be seen from an examination of the twenty short essays which make up the two volumes issued in conjunction with the annual shows of the abstract artists in 1938 and 1946. Again there is the same mixture of pure idealism, bohemianism and pseudo-science.

The idea that abstract art is more realistic than other forms of art, that it produces objects where others produce mere imitations, and that simplification is the key to success runs through all the essays, as does the insistence on scientific thinking. Several of the painter-authors speak of the dialectics of form, and almost all of them, despite the supposed independence of abstract art from the limitations of society, propose social ideas.

The cry of the "new realism" of contemporary abstract art goes back to one of the most successfully misleading arguments of the Cubists of 1912. Before the First World War the Cubists wrote that since we see objects from many points of view in daily life it is more accurate visually to represent an object in many aspects than to render it in normal, single point-of-view perspective. Reasoning simultaneously in the opposite direction, they wrote that one should render objects conceptually rather than with visual instantaneity. Since in paint the Cubists did neither one nor the other with any consistency, the argument was pointless. Like a vestigial appendix this reasoning persisted in non-representational offsprings of Cubism like Mondrian. In his last essay, included in the 1946 volume, he writes, "Abstract art attempts to destroy the corporeal expression of volume in order to be a reflection of the universal aspect of reality." To him the idea of a square is more real than a drawing of a square, which in turn is more real than a square in perspective, an actual box, or a building. Indeed, the more three-dimensional a form is, the more is it unreal to Mondrian. Abstract paintings are the closest approximation man can make to reality, especially if the forms are geometrically measurable. This is what Mondrian calls "the new realism free from the limitations of objective form."

No one would say that a compass circle is unreal, but only an abstract painter would think of calling it more real than a silver dollar.

A. Swinden, Charles Shaw and others give a variation of this argument. Abstract art, they claim, simplifies and is therefore more fundamental. As Klingender points out in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kermit Bloomgarden & George Heller present
DEEP ARE THE ROOTS
A New Play
by ARNAUD d'USSEAU and JAMES GOW
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
FULTON THEATRE • 46th Street West of B'way. • Cl. 6-6380
Eves. 8:40. $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20
Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax inc.

ARTKINO PRESENTS
"WITHOUT DOWRY"
Based on the play by the great Russian Dramatist Alexander Ostrovsky
Music by Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky
Produced in the U.S.S.R.
STANLEY 7th Ave., Bet. 41 & 42 Sts. Wisconsin 7-9686

NEW SOVIET FILM
"Four Hearts"
A merry mix-up of laughs and music. Also
"THE WAY AHEAD"
British film with DAVID NIVEN
IRVING PLACE IRVING PL. at 15th St.

Claude Clark
26 PAINTINGS
SUNDAY APRIL 21st, 3 to 6 P.M.
Continues Thru May 11
51 Greenwich Ave., N. Y.
East of 7th Ave. & 11th St.

TEN-DAY JOHNS: Labor's Guerrillas Against Imperialism.
JOHN DONAR: COMMON MAN
—by Walter and Elizabeth Robers. $2
VICTORY LIBRARY
Box 1294, New Orleans 10, Louisiana

Framing Is An Art
For the unusual in old and modern prints. For individuality in framing; visit
The Little Frame Shop
195 West 4th Street
Work shop, 25 Cornelia St. CH. 2-1340

April 14-30 7th Exhibition
Seven Soldier Artists
THE TRIBUNE International Book and Art Center
100 W. 42nd St. Cor. 6th Ave.
6th Ave. Subway Arcade, downstairs in the building of Schulte Cigar Store

his pamphlet on *Marxism and Modern Art*, it is quite incorrect to speak of the generalized, the simplified, as more real than the specific form generalized. Nor is it true to call the idea more complete, real, and perfect than the matter it describes. It seems contradictory for idealist painters to trifle with paint and canvas at all.

Still another form of this argument is presented by Karl Knaths, R. J. Wolff and Rosalind Bengelsdorf. Non-objective painters make an object-in-itself, they insist, while other painters merely give us objects second hand. This type of mind believes that when an artist draws a line he "presents" a real line, but that when he draws a dog he merely "represents" a real dog. They disregard the fact that he "presents" a real image of a dog. If this reasoning is taken to mean that a canvas by Vermeer is less of an object than a canvas by Mondrian it is transparent nonsense. On the other hand, it has some truth when regarded as Leger's modest claim to create *objets d'art*, decorative bric-a-brac without meaning.

THE most stupefying form of this esthetic idealism is the dialectic one. In the volume for 1938 Miss Bengelsdorf speaks of the contradiction between three-dimensional reality and the two-dimensional plane of the canvas, and goes on to describe the form drama this occasions. Possibly because dialectic is sometimes confused with Marxism, NEW MASSES of Aug. 14, 1945 ran an article by one Charles Arnault in which the dialectics of composition were advanced as the only possible base for Marxist art criticism! Marxists were asked to consider the dialectics of form apart from content, apart from the society which produces the art, in order to understand the true value of a painting. Like Hegel and Wolfflin, Arnault asked us to understand form as something which undergoes a progressive change in itself. Poor Hegel is back on his head again.

From such dialectics it is only a step to thinking of the forms of society as something that change in themselves. To be sure, abstract artists have never subscribed to any social program as a group. Yet from 1912 on through many of the essays in these two volumes, there is a consistent line of thought, and it is all like H. G. Wells.

Gleize, for example, writing for a Soviet publication in 1921, talks of abstract art as a means of leading humanity to a better world organized along the lines of medieval guilds. Leger boasts of his activities on the eve of the Russian revolution. His project, which he discussed at length with a famous Russian exile in Paris during World War I, was to introduce color into the drab lives of the workers by painting blue and red certain streets in (then) St. Petersburg.

In 1946 L. Moholy-Nagy, after dragging in Einstein, biology and world politics, uses as the punch-line of his essay the claim that the efforts of the space-time artists (abstract, W.T.B.) will aid all by bringing the masses to a better life. Leger, in the same volume, thinks of non-objective painting as making "high and free" in preparation for the better world of tomorrow. Rosalind Bengelsdorf says that faced with the difficult problems of today, constructive thought is needed. She recommends the kind of constructive thought required in composing an abstract painting.

Abstract artists not only think of themselves as unheeded prophets of future art, but they tend to glory in their isolation. A. E. Gallatin writes in praise of the rare individual through whose efforts alone almost everything worthwhile in history has been done. Balcomb Greene attacks fascist and Marxist alike for group thinking. He paints, he says, for the private person of cultivated taste.

After the French Revolution, as the artist's actual position became less and less secure, useful and respectable, his opinion of himself rose inversely to a conception of the artist as a prophetic genius who explains the laws of the universe to man. Abstract artists seem to think of themselves as possessing the true order that a disorderly world needs. "The abstract painter anticipates the time when every man will be better able to enjoy the fruits of culture and the progress of human thought!" says Miss Bengelsdorf in tribute to these first swallows of the future, who paint in the style of the past.

Only G. L. K. Morris, of all the American abstractionists, seems to think that his style may not last indefinitely into the future. He has an interesting, if historically inaccurate, theory that abstract, geometrical styles form the first phase of any art period, as in Minoan for Greek, and Chou for Sung. Our non-objective art, he thinks, is the archaic art of the future

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose language it is perfecting. When that language is perfected, and then only, artists may feel free again to paint the life around them. To Morris, abstract art is the baby talk of the bright new world, to be dropped when artists feel confident they can talk like men.

It is possible that it is the fact that some artists already speak in a confident language of the world around them that makes the show of the American Abstract Artists seem so dull.

Robin Hood Rides Again

THE following is an imagined account of how the *Bandit of Sherwood Forest* (Criterion) came into being.

A top producer at Columbia and several writers have met for a story conference. "Boys," says the producer, opening the session, "we have a triple headache. First, there's been a lot of squawking about escape pictures, and by some people right here in the studio; second, troublemakers—plenty of them—want to know what happened to the idea of social problems in pictures; and third, we gotta find a vehicle for Cornel Wilde."

"In other words, we want an escape picture starring Cornel Wilde and plugging the rights of the people," sums up one of the writers.

"That's it."

Follows a passage of time in which all concerned outwait one another to break the silence. Finally a writer pounds his fist into his open hand.

"Boss, I've got it. A dynamite idea. A new version of Robin Hood. Nearly every studio has done the subject and hit the jackpot with it."

"Not bad," says one of the others. "Good romance, good adventure, good action."

"Where's the democracy angle?" asks the producer.

"Well, Robin Hood is a friend of the poor and an enemy of the rich, and besides. . . ."

"Enemy of the rich?" the producer cuts in with a frown.

"Only the *evil* rich. Robin Hood is a rich man himself. Once every fifteen or twenty years he leaves his castle and lives in the forest with his pals. What more could you ask?"

The producer begins to warm up. "The idea is beginning to grow on me. What's Errol Flynn got that Wilde hasn't?" Any answers to this

SALUTE to SPRING

IN COSTUME

Sat., April 20, 1946

WEBSTER HALL
119 East 11th St.

$1.25 in advance, $1.50 at door (incl. tax). At sale at: Artists League of America, 77 5th Ave., GR. 3-5940; Jefferson School, 575 6th Ave.; Carver School, 57 W. 125th St.; Art Supply Stores, Bookshops, Unions.

M. C. — IVAN BLACK
Stars: ARLENE CARMEN
JIMMY SAVO
ISMAY ANDREWS and DANCERS
RALPH HAYES' BAND

Judges for original costumes:
ROCKWELL KENT
HARRY CONOVER
ADOLPH DEHN
IRRA PETINA, Prima Donna of "Song of Norway"
CAROL BRUCE, Star of "Show Boat"

ARTISTS LEAGUE OF AMERICA

Carnegie Hall
57th Street and 7th Ave.

Tuesday
APRIL 23
8:30 P.M.

Auspices:
NEW YORK CITIZENS POLITICAL ACTION COMMITTEE
205 East 42nd St., N.Y.C.
MUrray Hill 3-5580

Are We Winning the Peace?
Hear an Appraisal of
U. S. FOREIGN POLICY
- Sen. Harley M. Kilgore
- Orson Welles
- Freda Kirchwey
- Dr. J. Raymond Walsh
- Andrew Roth
- Josh White

ADMISSION: FROM 60 CENTS TO $1.25 (tax incl.)
Tickets available at: N. Y. Citizens PAC, Room 1515, 205 East 42nd St.; The Book Fair, 133 West 44th St.; Citizens Comm. of Upper West Side, 122 W. 71st St.

SERIES OF 3
Opening Event
American Folk Music
SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 20, AT 8:30 P.M., CARNEGIE HALL
Modern American Music
THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 2, AT 8:30 P.M., CARNEGIE HALL
The American Dance
SAT. EVE., MAY 25, AT 8:30 P.M., BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC
TICKETS NOW—EACH EVENT—$1.80, $2.40, $3.60 — at 5 Cedar St., WH. 3-2460, or 35 W. 35th St.
Sponsored by Greater New York Committee for Russian Relief

CAMP UNITY REUNION

SUNDAY
MAY 5

Admission: $1.25 in advance
$1.50 at door

Show • Dance

at CITY CENTER CASINO, 135 W. 55th St.
(Near 7th Avenue, New York City)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMP UNITY

Announces

Opening Day

for the

1946 SEASON

MAY 29

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS FOR DECORATION DAY WEEKEND NOW

New York Office Now Open for All Information

L. Pasternack, Mgr.

1 Union Sq., New York 3, N. Y.

ALgonquin 4-8024

Reserve May 5th — Camp Unity Dance

The Woodlands

REOPENING FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS ◆ APRIL 17-28

Phoenicia, N. Y. Tel. Phoenicia 33F4

SIGGIE GOLDNER

Hiking, Biking, Handball, Open Fires, Recordings, Entertainment

ARROWHEAD—Ellenville, N. Y.; Tel.502

HOTEL ALLABEN

THE HOUSE OF ACTIVITY

501 MONMOUTH AVE., LAKEWOOD, N. J.

LAKEWOOD 819 OR 1222 JACK SCHWARTZ

Make reservations now for

Passover

and Easter Holidays

Tel.: Lakewood 819 or 1222

JACK SCHWARTZ, Prop.

Invitation To Relax

Enjoy the serenity of Plum Point—outdoor activities, delicious food. Only 55 miles from New York. Make Reservations.

PLUM POINT

"Year-Round Vacation Resort"

New Windsor, N.Y. Tel: Newburgh 4270

question are carefully suppressed. "But we need a new gimmick. We can't do the story *exactly* the same way."

"I know just the thing," says the writer. "A script based on the book, *The Son of Robin Hood.*"

"The son!" the others exclaim in surprise. They are wondering when Robin Hood had stayed off his horse long enough.

"That ties it," says the producer. Then another thought strikes him. "Say, there's the *Wife of Monte Cristo.* It might begin to look like a stampede in the family direction. Not that I'm against families, but as an idea. . . ."

"There's no competition, boss, in the Monte Carlo number. In the first place, it's a black and white job. And it's really a Western with a French accent. Also it's strictly in the 'B' brackets."

"I guess you're right," concedes the producer.

"If we could only get hold of Doug Fairbanks, Jr.," puts in one of the others, "we'd have a natural. Think of the presentation—'The Son of Douglas Fairbanks in *The Son of Robin Hood.*' "

The producer, savoring the idea, permits himself a moment of dreaming, and then remembers Cornel Wilde. "Let's cut out the horsing around."

The first writer continues. "As I remember it, King John is dead and the new king is only a kid. So they have a Regent, one Pembroke, an ambitious political boss who wants to make himself king."

"I thought you had to have royal blood to be a king," says the producer.

"That's what they tell the hillbillies, but politics is politics. Well, the first thing this Pembroke decides is to do away with the Magna Carta. That riles Robin Hood, the people's champ. The Carta is a document of freedom-lovers and nobody tampers with it."

"But," objects one of the other writers, "I don't recall any attempt to revoke the Carta, and besides, it was supposed to benefit the nobles."

"Maybe," answers the first writer, "but it's a good way to get the social stuff in."

"What are we doing, giving a history course?" the producer interrupts impatiently. "Let's get on."

"So Robin Hood says: 'If you abolish the Magna Carta, you fight me. I made King John sign, and I'll make

NEW MASSES

Classified Advertisements

50¢ a line. Payable in advance. Min. charge $1.50. Approx. 7 words to a line.

Deadline, Fri., 4 p.m.

RoKo GALLERY RoKo FRAMES

SILVER SCULPTURE BY ARTHUR KING
Exhibition through April
We solve all framing problems. Original designs and finishes.
51 Greenwich Ave. (East of 7 Ave. & 11 St.) CHelsea 2-7049

SUMMER ACTING GROUP

Fine acting group with director and scenic designer will consider Summer offer. Versatile repertoire. Call AL. 4-1483 or write Diane Jerry, 205 West 15th St., New York City.

CREATIVE PLAYTHINGS

Personal service for grown-ups seeking sturdy toys, books, records, etc. Approved by educators. Creative Playthings, 102 West 95th St., New York City. RI. 9-0808.

A NEW PLACE TO DINE

Mrs. Helen Dunn will personally supervise dinners and lunches for your Club or Group. Fine food in a friendly place—bar and special wine list. Dunn's—126 Clinton Street, N. Y. C. Make reservations. GR. 3-9053.

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR EYES

EUGENE STEIN, Optometrist—Eye examinations—Glasses Fitted—Visual Training. Office, Room 507, 13 Astor Place, N. Y. 3, near East 8th St. and Broadway. GR. 7-0930.

INSURANCE

PAUL CROSBIE—INSURANCE of every kind, whatever your needs. Frequent savings. 17 E. 49th St., New York 17, N. Y. Phone EL. 5-5234.

PIANO TUNING

Piano tuning, repairing, tone restoring and refinishing. Pianos bought and sold. Ralph J. Appleton, 595 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Tel. PL. 3-0566.

DIRECTOR WANTED

Social Director for Adult Labor Camp, about 300 people, 35 miles from New York City. Must be able to organize collective social and sport activities daily and M.C. for week-end affairs. State salary, age. Box 30, New Masses.

CHILDREN'S CAMP

CAMP WAWAYANDA, Copake Falls, N. Y. Creative camping for young folks, 2 to 9 years. Professional staff, small groups; private lake. Directed by Parkway Play School, 601 Pelham Pkway North, New York 67, N. Y. OL. 5-5420.

VINEYARD LODGE

Beautiful 200-acre farm—new tile showers—fireplace—seasonal sports—recordings—American-Jewish cooking. Adults only, $36 weekly. Vineyard Lodge, Ulster Park, N. Y. Kingston 659-J2.

RESORT FOR SALE

This property may be bought as a whole or in separate parts. Half mile from railroad station, high fertile soil, abundant water, fine view, bathing brook rights; lake mile away.

Main house accommodates 25 to 30. Two kitchens, 4 cooking ranges, large dining hall, ping-pong table, refrigerator, one acre of land. $11,800.

Four small cabins, 20x60. Repairs will make dining room and kitchen. There are 15 bedrooms, 2 toilets, shower, 35 beds with bedding, ping-pong table, ice box, two acres. $5,000.

Bungalow with 4 beds, cooking range, $1,200.

Unfinished bungalow for handy man. Cozy farm, 3 acres, large hen house, two brooder houses, 100 laying hens, cow, fenced in fruit orchard. $5,000.

Write: Katherine Sinko, Avanti Farm, Ulster Park, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you knuckle under too.' Pembroke and the barons give him the old sneer, deprive him of his real estate and tell him where to go. Robin answers that he will go to Sherwood Forest instead, the hangout of his old days. There he will camp, and there England can count on free land, and so long as there is one inch of free land, there will always be an England."

"Right on the nose," chortles the producer. "Always be an England. What could be timelier?"

"I got an idea that'll tie right in," says one of the others. "Suppose we have the crooks, pickpockets, beggars and all the riffraff join Robin Hood's band. The theory is, under Pembroke, no man can stay honest and make a living. So they all join up, produce some real crowd scenes and step up the action."

"My aching budget," murmurs the producer.

"I think the man's got something," says one of the writers.

"Yeh, but a little too late," objects another. "That idea was used to the hilt in *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*. The thieves were the GI's of the people."

"By the way, what's happened to the son? So far it's been all Robin Hood," a third writer contributes.

"The son comes in right here. On a horse, he's superman. He handles a sword like Sinatra handles a tune, and what's more, when he climbs into those long technicolor tights, no gal can resist him. When he begins to throw his weight around, this Pembroke is a very dead pigeon."

"Can Wilde ride a horse?"

"Was he a musician before *Song to Remember?*" the producer answers sarcastically. "But what about the love stuff?"

"It's all there, boss. The lady-in-waiting to the Queen Mother is the best looker in the country. Between her and the son, it's a hanger. In the end the hero saves the king and the Magna Carta. The king is grateful and he makes the son an earl with lots of land and peasants, all for himself."

"Great," says the producer, "that last touch will get the money crowd. By the way, can we get a copy of the Magna Carta?"

"Why, you thinking of showing it in closeup?"

"Don't be silly. Do we have to do it in spades? I want to frame it and hang it in my office."

JOSEPH FOSTER.

Are you interested in the* TRUTH *about these explosive subjects now in front-page headlines?

- **THE PROBLEM OF TRIESTE**
- **THE QUESTION OF THE NEW ITALO-YUGOSLAV BORDER**
- **THE TREASON OF DRAZHA MIKHAILOVICH**

The general press and the radio are not giving you the truth on these important matters.

Send for a FREE 24-page issue of the Bulletin of the United Committee of South-Slavic Americans, edited by *Louis Adamic.*

THE UNITED COMMITTEE OF SOUTH-SLAVIC AMERICANS

465 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Announcing 33 COURSES *in English and Yiddish*

THE SCHOOL OF JEWISH STUDIES

13 Astor Place, New York 3, N. Y. (near Wanamaker's). GRamercy 7-1881

Spring Semester — Beginning April 17, 1946 — For a period of 8 weeks

How can unity in the Jewish community be strengthened — How can I become a more constructive member of my trade union, my community center, my fraternal order, my synagogue? Jews are forced to fight for their lives in Palestine. Refugee Jews in Europe fear for tomorrow. Jewish life and culture face the post-war world. What shall I teach my children about our Jewish heritage? Anti-Semitism rears its ugly Fascist head in the U. S. To these problems and related topics the progressive thinking Jew and American can find a solution in our classes.

HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN AMERICA	Morris U. Schappes
MEDIEVAL JEWISH HISTORY	Rabbi Herman Pollack
PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENTS IN JEWISH HISTORY	Rabbi Harry Esrig
NATIONAL QUESTION AND THE JEWISH PEOPLE	Mary Himoff
JEWS IN THE U.S.S.R.	Ben Field
JEWISH CHILDREN AND THEIR PROBLEMS	Mark Tarail
ANTI-SEMITISM IN THE U. S.	Albert E. Kahn
JEWISH HOLIDAYS AND FESTIVALS	Harry Kessler
YIDDISH	A. Bergman, Pearl Shapiro
HEBREW	Lisa Gorelick

These are only a few of the courses offered.

REGISTER TODAY

CLASSES MEET ONCE A WEEK

FEE: $6.00 PER COURSE

To Veterans: $3.00

Just a Minute

(*Continued from page 2*)

completing my book, I will continue to contribute regularly, and in that, and other ways, to participate in the broader cultural tasks NEW MASSES is now setting itself."

WHO'S who in this issue: B. A. Botkin, author of *A Treasury of American Folklore* and *Lay My Burden Down*, is working on a treasury of New England folklore. . . . William Thor Burger is an art historian. . . . Ben Field's latest novels are *The Outer Leaf* and *Piper Tompkins*. . . . William Z. Foster's most recent books are *From Bryan to Stalin* and *Pages from a Worker's Notebook*. . . . Roger Garaudy is a member of the Central Committee of the French Communist Party. . . . Paul Miller is a physicist. . . . Tom McGrath, a young poet recently discharged from the Army, has appeared in *Poetry* and other magazines. . . . Jay Williams is a war veteran whose work appears in the latest volume of *Cross Section*. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wanted!

5,000 new readers for the "NEW" new masses

CARNEGIE LIBRARY OF PITTSBURGH

Win Original Paintings for your Union Hall or Club!

Prizes: The organization which secures the greatest number of yearly subscriptions (minimum 50) can win an original Oil Painting by a world-famous artist.

Second prize for a minimum of 20 yearly subscriptions, an original water color.

Third prize for 10 or more subscriptions, a lithograph or silk screen.

Make your own selection of paintings by: William Gropper, Moses Soyer, Charles Keller, Burliuk, Evergood.

enter the contest—

Special Trial Offer (for new subscribers only):
One Dollar for Ten Weeks . . . Subscribe NOW!

Send this coupon today!

Enclosed find $_____ for _____ yearly subs.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

NEW MASSES
104 E. 9th St.
New York 3, N. Y.

Please enter us in the New Masses SUB CONTEST. We will help the New Masses get 5,000 new readers. We are interested in:

1. Oil Painting 2. Water Color 3. Silk Screens

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED